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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



DECEMBER 23 1905

"PICTURE BOOKS IN WINTER"—(See page 20)

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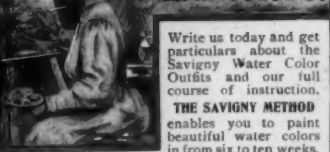
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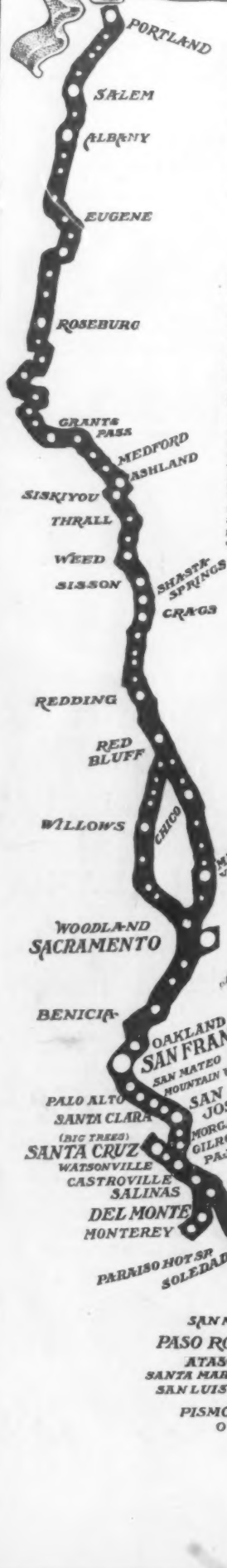
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A FEW OF THE THOUSAND

Leaving behind with many a regret Los Angeles, the City of Angels, the country where every day is May-day, with its orange groves and garlands of flowers, its palm-bordered vistas, its seaside and mountains, the first stop should be

CAMULOS

the home of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." The old ranch house, the quaint old chapel, the Indian pestle and mortars, the stone olive presses of a hundred years ago, are all here amid oranges and lemons, walnut, olive and rose trees.

SAN BUENAVENTURA

Here is the first of the many old Spanish missions you visit on the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE, each one charming you with its rare art treasures, priceless books, ancient robes of the Franciscan Friars, and sweet toned bells on their rawhide thongs, ringing as they did over a hundred years ago. At San Buenaventura you could listen for a week to the lore of Father Grogan, but "The Road of a Thousand Wonders" calls you to see the most gorgeous series of marine and mountain masterpieces Nature ever painted. For a century of miles and more the train threads the green-graced foothills and mountains within a stone flip of the ever-changing Pacific. Every curve, every bend of the roadway displays another picture, until you are fairly spellbound with the glory of it all. In the meantime you have stopped at beautiful

SANTA BARBARA

where spring and summer keep house together the year round, and welcome you alike in December and July.

The magnificent Hotel Potter, the never tiring drives; the invigorating sea bathing; the awe of the mountains; the inspiration of the flowers; the fascination of fishing and catching something worth while; the charm of the Santa Barbara Mission, where sombre-robed friars welcome every one as they did the hidalgos in days of yore, all this and more you find to hold you at Santa Barbara, but the train arrives and your itinerary says "all aboard" for PISMO. This is a new resort where the never silent waves have formed a 22-mile beach of indescribable beauty and planned the greatest bathing Mecca of future generations. From Pismo it is but a step to

SAN LUIS OBISPO

where the Christianizing Fathers wrought another link in their chain of Missions. Here also is the location of Fremont's earthworks, making San Luis Obispo one of the important historical points in California.

From San Luis Obispo the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company follows the path of the padres over the heights of the Santa Lucia Mountains to

PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS

where the park-surrounded hotel of the same name bids you welcome, while you are rejuvenated by the nature baths of hot sulphur water and soothing peat, where the Indians cured their ills centuries before the first pilgrimage of the pale-face. Every page of Paso Robles Hot Springs' history teems with miracles wrought by these springs, now enshrined in a marble bathing palace.

DEL MONTE

is a playground which one readily believes was once inhabited by the gods and fairies of mythology; a 126-acre park to which every clime has contributed her rarest specimens in the creation of a haven for the botanist, the nature lover, the health seeker, the golf lover, the polo player. Here too, among many others, is that far-famed 17-mile drive—the road of things curious, weird and unbelievable—through historical Monterey, with all its landmarks of early California, through the cypress forest bells mystic origin which sets you thinking of things supernatural; around the spray-washed cliffs and pebbled sands of Monterey Bay, back to the hallowed Mission of Carmel. Usually those who stop at Del Monte find it irresistible, but those who are to see a thousand wonders must leave it for the time, and journey through the Pajaro Valley, that realm of verdure, that kaleidoscope of colors to

THE BIG TREES OF SANTA CRUZ

the oldest living things on earth. Before the Big Trees of California you bow in silence. They are so much greater than anything you ever imagined, they are so far beyond anything with which you have to compare them, that you are awe-stricken; your emotions are indescribable; you want to be alone to compass

them with the mind, to believe that what you see is really true.

Next you halt at San Jose, in the Santa Clara Valley, that sea of blossoms, where six million trees in bloom make the cherry blossoms of Japan look like a pea patch. Here, with the Hotel Vendome as headquarters, you visit Santa Clara, with its relic-stored Mission, and that tomb among the clouds—

THE LICK OBSERVATORY

Like a castle from the goblin book mother read, the Lick Observatory shines white and clear on the summit of Mt. Hamilton, from which can be seen the mosaic panorama of the rugged peaks of the Santa Cruz mountains; the bay of San Francisco; the restless Pacific far beyond; the San Joaquin Valley and the snow-capped summits of the Sierras.

From San Jose to San Francisco the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company is a myriad of surprises until you reach Palo Alto, the home of that great educational monument,

THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY

a work of love in which thirty millions of dollars have been devoted to completing the grandest temple of learning ever erected. The Moorish architecture of the early California Missions, the perfectly equipped buildings, each a college in itself, are alone worth hours of study. The Memorial Chapel calls you back again and again to marvel at the mosaic-covered walls, the memorial windows of stained glass, the altar of pure white Carrara, the pulpit of stone and priceless bronze lectern. The glory of the coloring as the golden sun gives startling life to all these masterpieces of the Old World, holds you spellbound and thoughtful, and when you finally step quietly away it is with the greatest reverence in the heart for those who have blessed the world with such an edifice.

SAN FRANCISCO

the gateway to the Orient, the key of commerce to come, the most fascinating metropolis of this or any other age, commands you to forget there is such a thing as time, and invites you to dwell within her gates, and see those sights which make of her the Naples, the Rome, the Paris, the Budapest of America.

With the famous Palace Hotel or the luxurious St. Francis as a center, a different trip can be taken every day in the year and some of the nights, in seeing the Golden Gate with its tropical park; the Presidio, where Uncle Sam guards the harbor; Alcatraz Island, the military prison of the Pacific; Fort Winfield Scott; Fort Mason; the Navy Yard on Mare Island; Mt. Tamalpais; the Cliff House, Seal Rocks and Sutter Heights, not forgetting Chinatown with all its mystery and superstition.

From San Francisco the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company carries you directly northward through the picturesque Sacramento Valley, to the stage on which was played the first act in the drama of '49.

SACRAMENTO

To those who love the history of their land, the capital of California is an inexhaustible archive, a city of landmarks, the most important of which is the Fort of General Sutter, the place to which John Marshall brought the news of the first discovery of gold. Sutter's Fort is now a veritable museum of the days of '49.

The Crocker Art Gallery of the capital city adds an extra attraction for lovers of rare old art, its walls being covered with the finest collection of Dutch and Flemish treasures in America.

North from Sacramento this wonderful road of the Southern Pacific Company lies through a Garden of Eden. Every town holds something of interest—Yuba City, Marysville, Chico, Vina, Red Bluff, Redding, all extending an inviting hand to the sight-seeker, the hunter, fisherman, the investor. At

CHICO

Uncle Sam has established his Plant Introduction Station, where marvelous experiments are carried on the year round in the culture of flowers, fruits, nuts and vegetables for the benefit of mankind. From here "The Road of a Thousand Wonders" climbs through the beautiful canyon of the Sacramento, winding, turning, twisting, tunneling with every caprice of the gold-laden river, parallel with rugged crags, peaks and tablelands, until the eyes shut in sheer bewilderment to open in amazement at the most eerie of all queer rock formations, Castle Crags. Cold and gray and impenetrable, they stand 4,000 feet high, a splintered heap, serrated like the fangs of some great mastodon, guarding the lake behind it, where floats an army of ravenous, silvery trout. Next on the time table is that superlative of all mountain resorts,

SHASTA SPRINGS

situated on a plateau amid an endless succession of mountains, forests, streams, cascades, wonderful water-falls and mineral springs—the fount of Shasta Water, that sparkling, bubbling, snapping drink of health, syphoned in all its purity from the heart of Shasta.

Over the mountains and under the mountains, too, you go to Sisson, and from the plaza of that famous inn of California history, Sisson's Tavern, now modernized into a charming resort hotel, you worship this white-crowned monarch of the mountains, this glacier-capped rival of the Matterhorn—Mt. Shasta—14,444 feet above the sea.

Leaving Sisson really seems like bidding good-by to civilization. Dashing into the wilds of the Siskiyou Range, around and around Mt. Shasta, seeing it from every point of view, with Castle Crags and Black Buttes rivaling each other for second place, you enter a region where railroad engineering reaches the climax of its daring. Clinging to the very sides of many a precipice, over dizzy heights, doubling, looping, skirting this cliff and that, creeping along the canyon edge, but ever climbing until the summit is reached at Siskiyou, the hunting grounds of old-time tribes, where the game still trails in wait for the white man. Here is the domain of the hunter, where deer and bear, geese, ducks, snipe and pheasants can be had within gunshot of the track. And so it continues to the very threshold of

PORTLAND, OREGON

a city that exemplifies the true American spirit; that challenges any one to find another environment of such beautiful rivers, lofty mountains, placid lakes, and silent forests; that represents the end or beginning, as you wish, of "The Road of a Thousand Wonders"—the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company.

For those who contemplate the Pacific Coast—California and Oregon—and are interested in seeing this great country to the best advantage, a beautifully illustrated book is now on press. It will be mailed complimentary to all making application to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company, 219 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, California, who will also answer every question regarding time, cost, itinerary and trains.



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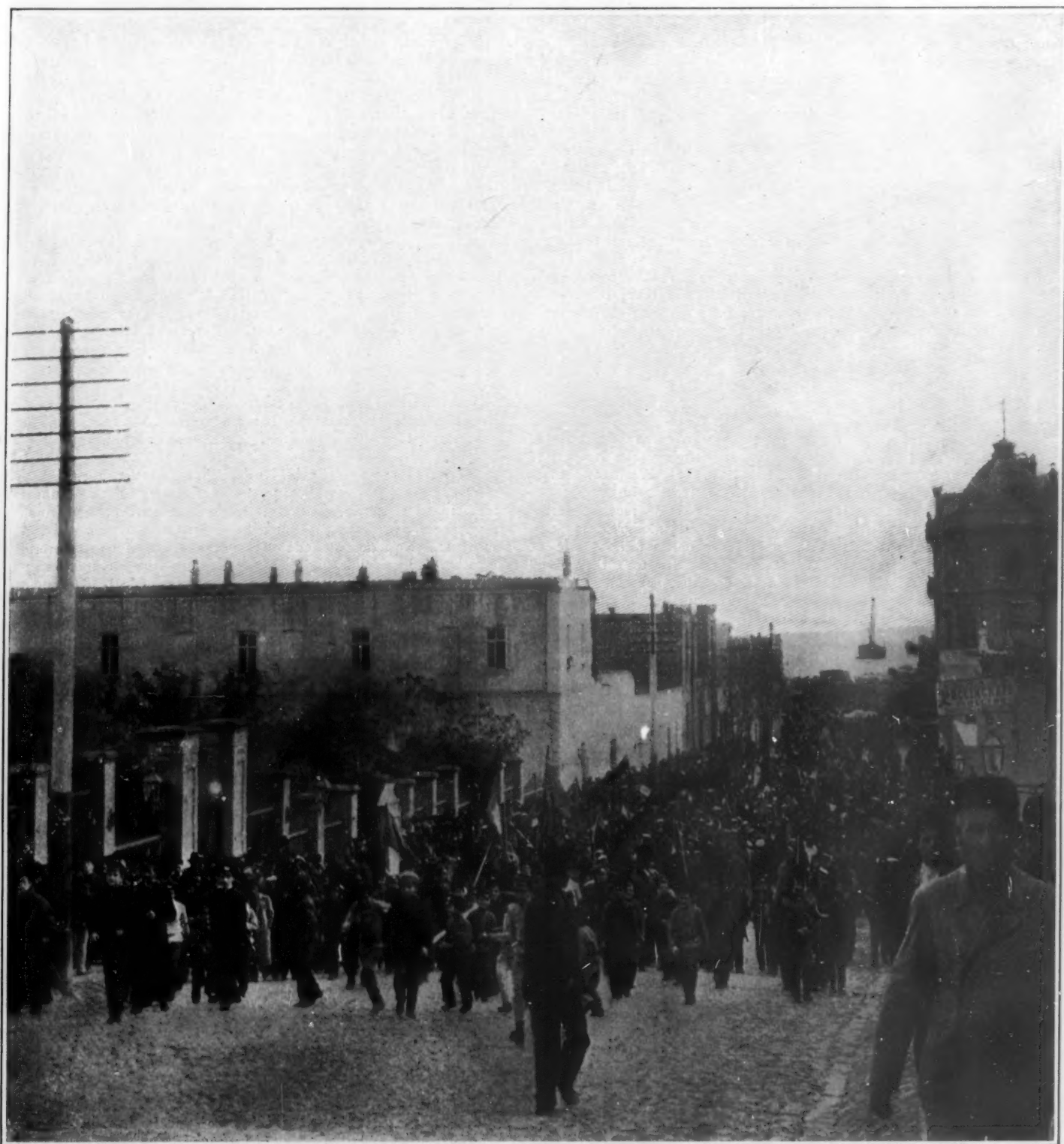
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



A PROCESSION OF RIOTOUS STUDENTS IN BAKU, SOUTHERN RUSSIA



"THE TIME HAS COME," the Walrus said, 'to talk of many things: of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—of cabbages—and kings.' " Probably these lines from the creator of Alice and of Wonderland will spring to our lips every time we read a message to Congress from the now President of these United States. The present sermon, in our opinion, is a good one. It does no harm to reaffirm the right and give official countenance to the Decalogue. We fancy the President does more to help the cause of morality in general than is done by several dozen leading ministers of the gospel. This message is best where its didactic energy is concentrated on topics that are in their nature most clearly moral. On revenues, reciprocity, railways, corporations, immi-

SHIPS. AND
SEALING-WAX

gration, and other subjects with two sides to them, his multitudinous words and broad and misty thought may be passed over for the present, as far as our personal taste is concerned. We should as willingly tilt against an ocean fog as against certain of these demonstrations. But far more important than arguments about difficult economic principles is the willingness to do justice when it can be clearly seen. The President strikes unmistakably and hard for honorable treatment of the Filipinos, and we believe he will do his best to force a partly venal Congress to remove the tentacles of certain octopi from these unhappy islands. In other respects also, as in the preservation of Niagara, he steps into the arena as the champion of the people against a money-grasping few. The message is the man. It may not be a brilliant document, but in its nature it is sound and right.

LET US SAVE THE FALLS now, or, as our yellow contemporaries would express it, NOW, while the people are awake. There is something any reader of these words may do. He can write to his Senator or Congressman urging him toward action for the preservation of the Falls. The President has done his part. He has put the case with earnestness and decision. But he can only recommend.

NIAGARA

The matter rests with Congress, and Congress is at least supposed to take some interest in the people's will. Therefore get after your so-called representatives. See that they do represent you and the United States, not the gentlemen who are destroying a national heritage for the further swelling of their already swollen private pouches.

ANOTHER BILL THAT SHOULD PASS, beyond any possibility of doubt, is the one providing for the removal of tariff duties on works of art. The argument that such removal would endanger the whole sacred edifice is familiar and also idiotic. The tariff is treated by its friends as equal in stability to a house of jack-straws. Touch one and all is lost. Mr. Roosevelt handles the tariff gingerly in his message, but there is little doubt that he would smile upon a bill to remove obstructions to the growth of the arts in America, especially as these obstructions are not even a pecuniary benefit to anybody, unless it be to artists of such low quality that the sooner they take up another form of manual labor the better for all of us. Every artist of any station in America resents this tariff barbarism. We happened to receive no great inheritance in artistic beauty from the genius of the past, and our statesmen

BEAUTY SHOULD
BE FREE

of a more demagogic period increased this disadvantage by penalizing and discouraging the import of what our citizens were able and willing to buy for us abroad. The tax on paintings is felt mainly by our public galleries, where private collections nearly always ultimately find their place. In 1894, when art was taxed, the works imported were valued at \$1,518,688.63. The next year, when they were admitted free, the total was \$4,053,482.88, and over five millions in 1896. In 1898, under the tariff of twenty per cent, the amount fell to \$2,124,778. Paintings are admitted free into almost all European countries. Spain charges nineteen cents per painting, and Switzerland forty-nine cents. Canada makes free works by artists of recognized merit. We, who have everything to gain just now in art possessions from the desire of our men of wealth to put some of their money into pictures, possess a statute that acts against us and for the benefit of the countries in which the works of art now are.

ON THE STATEHOOD QUESTION, which is being fought

out mainly with regard to Arizona and New Mexico, the President's position, although there is nothing like a consensus, represents the drift of opinion. That Arizona is on the whole opposed to joint Statehood it is impossible, with any justice, to deny. Her arguments are composed partly of the sentiment of social superiority to the New Mexicans. It is undoubtedly cruel to force people into an alliance for which they have no taste, especially as the act creating the Territory contains a promise, not legally binding, of single Statehood. Even in Arizona there is a drift toward the joint idea, but it is slight. In favor of that plan are the wishes of a majority of the New Mexicans, the danger of single Statehood of the Nevada type later, if the present opportunity is allowed to slip, and belief that the railroads and mines can own two Territories more easily than one State, and are therefore bitterly combating the bill now in Congress. STATEHOOD Believers in single Statehood, unless they make rather extravagant claims for future population, have for their greatest difficulty the proposition that in the Senate area should be represented rather than population. A widely held intelligent opinion to-day is that the cause for which the States were originally represented as such in the Senate has disappeared, and that it would be far better if that body could be based on population, like the House, and elected by the people, but for a term longer than that of the Representatives. Our own position with regard to the Arizona-New Mexico controversy has been frankly one not of conviction but of attentive consideration to the arguments, some of which are good on both sides. While we shall hold ourselves open to influence from each new phase or fact, the balance seems to us at present to incline toward the supporters of the present bill.

SOUTHERNERS ARE SENSITIVE. That assertion they themselves will not deny. With the reasons which make them more impatient of any criticism whatever than ordinary people are we are not prepared. Perhaps some Southern friends will furnish them. Now our attitude toward the South is one of warm sympathy and peculiar liking, and yet any—the slightest—censure, or even reservation, brings a storm of trouble about our ears. Some time ago we accepted, on the basis of newspaper reports, the view that the audiences which were becoming extravagantly excited by the Rev. THOMAS DIXON's play were ignorant. We also thought it to the credit of the South that those particular audiences should be described as ignorant rather than as representing the better level of Southern intelligence and taste. A patter of denunciation followed. That unlucky phrase, describing the play as "exciting and disgracing ignorant Southern audiences," has aroused a fury of protest and contempt. Bushels of readers assure us the audiences were not ignorant. Perhaps they were not, but why this passion? We hope the most intelligent Southerners were not those whom the play aroused to frenzy. But suppose we were mistaken. Will anybody tell us why the error called for such mighty wrath? We never recommended the presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the South to-day, and if it still causes bitterness we regret its presence on the stage.

SOUTHERN
AUDIENCES

LIGHT IS BREAKING in on the Proprietary Association of America. Being made up of nostrum dealers, the association is not precisely a creature of light, and it is struggling to evade illumination even when turned upon it by its own members. That is why a paper read at the last annual meeting, by Dr. CHARLES H. STOWELL of the J. C. Ayer Company, was suppressed in the report of the official proceedings. The "Druggists' Circular," which, strange though it may seem, is quite independent of any "red clause" control, got hold of Dr. STOWELL's paper and printed it. We can readily understand that it would be painful reading for a certain class of nostrums. For example: "We certainly believe that the trade interests of proprietary medicines will be greatly advanced if the consumer be frankly and fully told just what he is getting for his money. In every line of business but ours the proprietor urges upon the purchaser the closest examination and the most thorough investigation. The proprietary medicine business is about the only business on the face of the earth where the people deliberately engage in a



serious game of 'blind man's buff,' hoping thereby to catch something which shall prevent a possible break in the family circle." For the sudden flash of metaphor that fixes the picture, vivid and true, we consider this last sentence genuine literary art. Dr. STOWELL continues with a plea for the publication not only of the ingredients of every patent medicine, but of the formula itself, quite a different thing. While we do not think that the full solution of the problem lies here, we give our hearty assent to the conclusion:

OUT OF NAZARETH

"If all reputable houses would only engage in such an endeavor, we could wipe out forever a great lot of miserable, useless, and even dangerous compounds, that are now causing, directly or indirectly, the annual loss of thousands and thousands of lives, to say nothing of the millions of dollars stolen from our honest, hard-working citizens." Now, let some other reformer come forward with a proposition to apply these same principles of honesty to the advertising, which is three-fourths of the average nostrum business, and we may yet find ourselves relieved of the necessity of acting as a club upon the head of patent medicine men.

MANY TROUBLES WE COMPLAIN OF have caused complaint before, and sometimes remedies result, and sometimes they do not. Somewhere in the '60's, we believe it was, FROUDE wrote an essay, in which he observed that Londoners were poisoned in the water which they drank, poisoned in the gas with which they lighted their houses, poisoned in their bread, milk, butter, beer, and "poisoned in the remedies for which, when these horrible compounds have produced their consequences, we, in our simplicity, apply to our druggists." "Beer," said FROUDE, was "watered and then raised to double strength by nux vomica and cocculus indicus, and salted to make thirst insatiable," and gin was "a minimum of pure spirit seasoned with white vitriol and oil of cinnamon and cayenne." England was hard to rouse, and powerful interests fought against restriction, but much progress has been made. Here in the

POISONS IN THE '60'S

United States we are just waking up to this particular task. Much money is enlisted, and it is backed by some honest conviction. We know of more than one manufacturer of headache poison or similar "dope" who so thoroughly believes in it that he not only hands it out to his best friends whenever they complain of any sort of illness or depression, but he himself probably eats it on strawberries in the spring and on his mush the rest of the year. But these honest cranks are in the minority. The main enemy of improvement is money, and money will be the strongest opponent of the Heyburn Pure Food Bill this winter, as it will be of every attempt to regulate either the food business or the medicine traffic, or to interfere in any way with the sale of poison where it yields a profit. A fundamental difference between the two is that the prepared food industry is a good thing in itself, although subject to some abuses, whereas the patent medicine business is wrong in principle.

PEACE ON EARTH is called for by the Christmas season, and we have sought to purify our feelings especially for the occasion. Every now and again some trifling episode makes it difficult, as, for illustration, an afternoon stroll past the residence of a copper king. As BYRON sings:

"How beauteous are rouleaus! charming chests
Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins . . .
Of modern reigning, sterling stupid stamp;
Yes! ready money is Aladdin's lamp."

We enjoy "Munsey's Magazine," and every month we turn its unexacting pages. Now comes this spokesman of the Christmas card or HUYLER school of life, and gives us a noble essay on the residence hereinbefore obliquely indicated. The heading, appellation, name, designation, or title of the article is

TRIBUTE TO A MANSION

"Senator Clark's Wonderful Mansion," and the gist of the treatise is that the cost was great. The building is not called beautiful by the historian. He alleges that it is monumental, remarkable, a landmark, a wonder to the passer-by; that it is utterly unlike any of its neighbors, and that it "can claim the superlative in respect of cost," all of which we also potentially believe. The number of millions probably expended is most enthusiastically and lovingly set forth. It is also alleged, with plausibility complete, that the Senator's purchases have gladdened the dealers from whom he acquired the artistic con-

tents of his home. Some day, if all goes well, we intend personally to erect a mansion of bricks of gold, decorated within with diamond candelabras, onyx cuspidors, and wall coverings of bank-notes, farm mortgages, and railway bonds.

PICKING THE WORST BERRIES from a whole bed and putting them together in one box is not the way to give a just estimate of the whole patch. As with strawberries, so with life. If you commit a crime, your name is in the papers. If you go quietly about your duties, nothing may be heard of you. This periodical sometimes makes readers feel as if the world were mainly sin. The fault is ours to some degree, in that we have lacked skill to attack abuses without darkening the sky; but the skill required is considerable, since the first purpose of a militant organ of opinion is to improve conditions immediately confronting us. Those actually engaged in work of betterment, whether in journalism or public life, are not discouraged. Doctors and nurses are more cheerful than average men. Though evil exists, the world is good, and may be bettered. Nor is our country more afflicted by mortals' imperfection than other countries are; rather less, we honestly believe. Therefore, cheer up, all who are disheartened by the epidemic of exposure. It only means that evil always exists to fight against wherever men and women have courage for the fight. "If you wish to be good," said EPICTETUS, "first believe that you are bad." It is a fascinating time we live in, and we would not exchange it for any time that ever was.

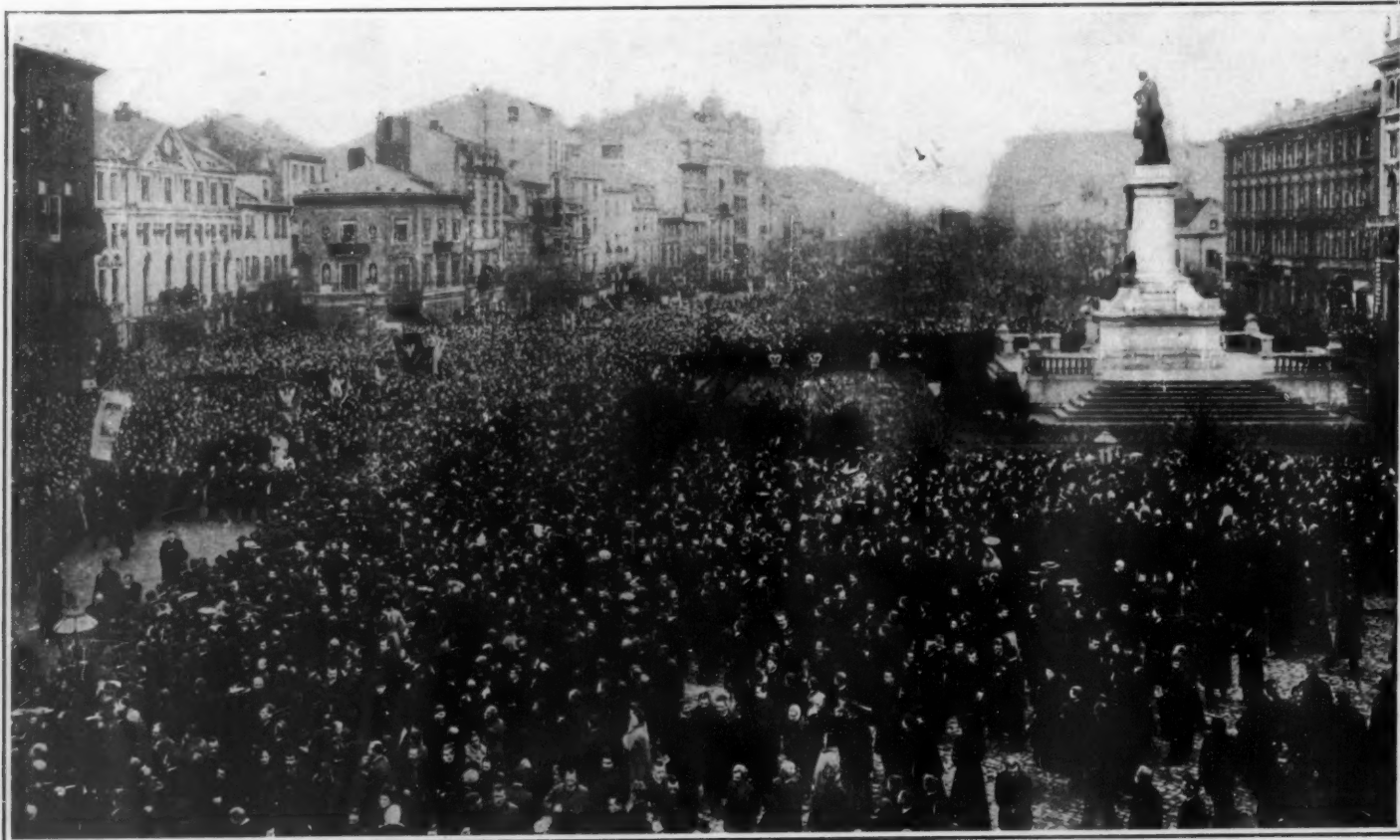
A BOUQUET OF PLATTITUDES

SEEING THE PRESENT DARKLY is a common trait of man. It existed centuries ago, and was indeed more prevalent then than now. The wisdom of the past was immeasurably extolled in classic times. The development of history from legend toward science has done much to dispel that rosy dream. Instead of demigods our progenitors become more savage than ourselves, more cruel, further from the brotherhood of man. However, though we give less laudation to what has gone before, we often are over-censorious of our own place and time. But this also is diminishing in America. Once part of our population made the eagle yell absurdly in self-praise, while a minority found the old countries of Europe a heaven in comparison. Now we are fairly able to HERE AND NOW attack the evils of our country and the present without concluding that the times are bad or that life itself is evil. Europe, for her part, now looks across the ocean as toward a rising sun, and many wise men over there believe that at the present moment the most fortunate place for birth is in the land just bursting into every kind of power. Life everywhere must contain evil and pain, and it is a foolish optimism that reasons them away; but life everywhere may easily be better than oblivion, and full of happiness and meaning, and it is a foolish pessimism indeed that fails to see in these new and fluid conditions ample opportunities for the richest living that mortal beings know.

THE FOREMOST AMERICAN now living in the world of letters is he who has been so long known to his own people and all the world as MARK TWAIN. A little while ago, celebrating the completion of seventy years of life, he made a speech which served to remind us again why he is so easily the foremost humorist on the planet. The speech was funny, but it was also beautiful and deep, and humor is never most fully herself save when intelligence and beauty are one with her. Invention, also, has been MARK TWAIN's, and imagination, and the very highest of ideals—ideals the best, freshened by contempt for the masquerade, or even for HUMOR AND SEVENTY the full dress, of ordinary morality. He has dared to sport with the brightest of the virtues. He could afford to, for they were his. As the years have passed over him, he has retained the power to laugh, but he has gained in the beauty of his thought. The solemn conclusion of his birthday speech was a noble and virile ending, altogether like the poet, philosopher, and man who made it, and we who now hold him in honor can only wish that twenty years from now he may speak again, still gay and grave in one, still deeply human in his wit, still serene in melancholy strength.

THE RESURRECTION OF POLAND

The vast processions that caused Witte to take the fatal step of proclaiming martial law in Poland, thereby bringing the troubles of his own Government to a head. Although hundreds of thousands of people marched in these parades, they were not riotous



TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND PARADERS ADDRESSED BY POPULAR ORATORS

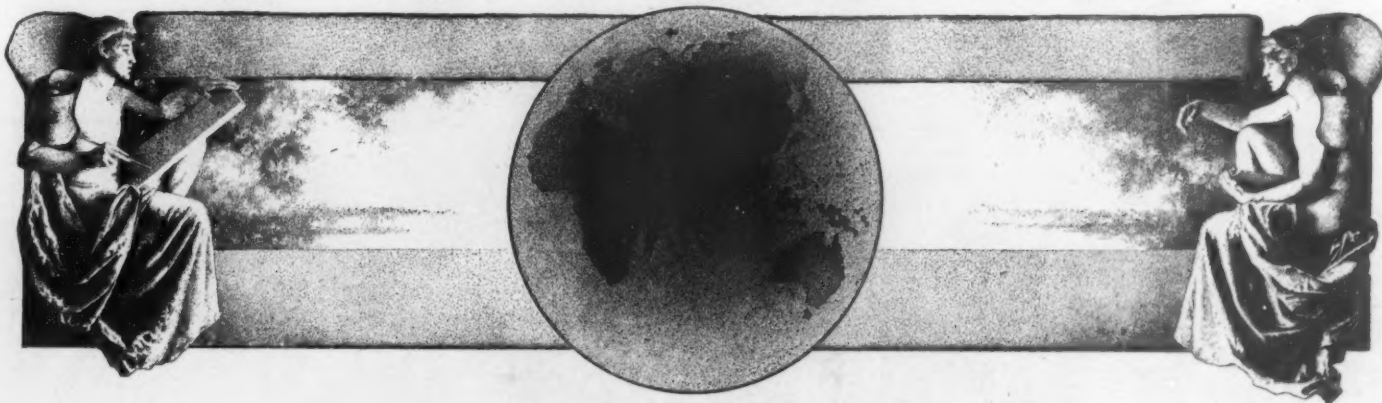


DISPLAYING THE FORBIDDEN WHITE EAGLE OF POLAND IN THE PRESENCE OF HALF A MILLION PEOPLE

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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S annual message is the longest on record. ¶ The Secretary of the Navy has raised a patriotic storm by proposing to have the venerable frigate "Constitution" broken up or sunk in target practice at sea. ¶ The Balfour Government in England has fallen, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has formed a Ministry. ¶ The French Senate has passed the bill for the separation of Church and State, and the measure now goes into effect at once. ¶ The decay of authority in Russia seems finally to have destroyed the last prop of the Government—military discipline—and it is bringing the finances to ruin. ¶ Captain Roland Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, has achieved the Northwest Passage, and is believed to have definitely established the location of the magnetic pole. ¶ The last of the McCurdys has left the Mutual, and Mr. George W. Perkins is out of the New York Life. ¶ After the occupation of Lemnos the Sultan yielded to the pressure of the Powers on the subject of financial reforms in Macedonia, with

certain small reservations to protect his pride. ¶ The football question is dividing national interest with that of railway rates. Columbia has abolished the game; President Roosevelt has summoned experts to fresh conferences at the White House; the National Rules Committee has held a hasty meeting to try to avert the storm, and delegates from a number of colleges have met on the invitation of the New York University and voted for the creation of a new representative committee. ¶ Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, died December 8. As he was in good standing in the Senate, although under conviction for land frauds, some embarrassment was felt about the proper procedure, but the customary eulogies were finally omitted. There were said to be "no precedents," but it was felt that precedents for the relations of the Senate with its convicted members might become increasingly necessary. ¶ The Pennsylvania, New York Central, and other Eastern railroads have created consternation among statesmen by decreeing the abolition of passes.

The Roosevelt Programme

THE message with which President Roosevelt met the Fifty-ninth Congress on its opening was built on the expected lines. In spite of all the pressure exerted by the railroads and their employees, rate regulation remained the central feature of the President's policy. It was treated as a logical corollary of the regulation of corporations in general. President Roosevelt held that these great aggregations of capital could not be safely left free from the control of the sovereign power—which he characteristically identified with the Government. Most of them might be well managed, but there would always be some that would abuse their liberty. And of all corporations those most urgently in need of regulation were the great companies engaged in interstate transportation. The President repeated his assertion of a year ago that "the immediate and most pressing need," in the matter of legislation, was the enactment of a law conferring upon the agents of the Government the power "summarily and effectively" to "prevent the imposition of unjust or unreasonable rates." That would include the complete suppression of rebates in every form.

Government Rate-Makers

The body intrusted with this power might be the present Interstate Commerce Commission, it might be that commission reorganized, or it might be an entirely new agency, but in any case the President was convinced that it should be a purely administrative institution. Whatever the agency chosen, he would give it power to decide whether a given rate was reasonable and just or not, and if unreasonable and unjust he would allow it to prescribe a maximum, to go into effect within a reasonable time and remain in force, subject to review by the courts. If the railroad had been giving too low a rate to some favored shipper, he would allow the Government agency to make this special rate the maximum for all. Naturally the Interstate Commerce Commission or its substitute would have to secure jurisdiction over the private car lines, industrial roads, refrigerator charges, and other devices by which the present laws have been evaded.

The President would not confine the Government's care to railroads. He would extend it to all corporations doing an interstate business—that is to say, to the bulk of all the important corporations in the country. In view of the fact that

all business is coming more and more to take on corporate forms, this implies the progressive concentration of the control of the nation's entire industrial life at Washington. Mr. Roosevelt complains that in the past the national laws on this subject have been "of a negative or prohibitive rather than an affirmative kind." He



READY FOR BUSINESS

Speaker Cannon calling the new House of Representatives to order

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maintains that "events have shown that it is not possible adequately to secure the enforcement of any law of this kind by incessant appeals to the courts." He does not discuss what might happen if, instead of "incessant appeals to the courts," the country should see just one great lawbreaker actually lodged in jail.

In staking his entire political fortunes at this

time upon the regulation of corporations, President Roosevelt has abandoned his early intention to make a campaign for tariff revision. He hardly ventures even to mention the word "tariff," preferring to speak of the "methods of raising revenue," and he is inclined to leave to Congress the question of making a change in those methods. He does, however, intimate a faint inclination in the direction of a maximum and minimum tariff system, and he has a rather clear conviction, based in part on "even larger considerations of policy than those of a purely economic nature," that it would be well to have "closer commercial connections with the other peoples of this continent." Above all, he speaks clearly and firmly in favor of relieving Philippine products of their tariff burdens, and of postponing or abandoning that manacling of the islands' commerce now about to be accomplished by the subjection of the trade between the Philippines and the United States to the American coast shipping laws.

A Federal Insurance Machine

The message suggests the desirability of transferring the control of interstate insurance transactions—that is, practically of all insurance companies—from the States to the National Government. The possible, or rather the certain, dangers involved in the creation of such a huge financial interest in every Presidential election do not seem to have impressed the President, although he does boldly suggest that there should be a law against bribery and corruption in Federal elections, and that contributions by corporations for any political purpose should be forbidden. But notwithstanding his condemnation of such gifts and his advocacy of enforced publicity for all campaign contributions, he does not promise either publicity or restitution in the matter of the sums collected from insurance companies and other corporations by Mr. Bliss.

The President reassures the country with regard to the prospects of the Panama Canal. He declares that "gratifying progress" has been made, and that there are no physical obstacles which can not be overcome without serious difficulty, or that will prevent the completion of the canal "within a reasonable time and at a reasonable cost." But he postpones to a later message the discussion of the essential question whether the canal should be built with locks or at sea level.

Mr. Roosevelt is concerned about undesirable immigration, and in suggesting remedies he gives an astonishing illustration of his habit of taking the first short cut to a desired end that presents itself, regardless of the possible damage that may be wreaked on the way. He calmly, as if it were a mere matter of course, proposes to meet the difficulty of enforcing the immigration laws on our long land frontiers by prohibiting the entry of all immigrants from Canada and Mexico "save natives of the two countries themselves." In other words, he would seal up seven thousand miles of frontier, crossed by hundreds of railroad trains and thousands of wagons every day, halt every conveyance that reached the line, and sift out and reject every person, whether saint, sage, or villain, that happened to be born in Europe. The President would deepen and emphasize frontier lines that continental statesmanship would try to wipe out. No one who has observed the continuous exasperation in Canada over the unpleasant incidents attending the collection of the two-dollar head tax at the boundary needs a very vivid imagination to picture the state of things that would be created by an attempt to enforce a policy of absolute prohibition.

The "formidable group" of labor problems attracts the Presidential attention. It is suggested that while labor questions in general do not come within the jurisdiction of the National Government, the national capital ought to be made a model city, in working conditions as well as in other matters. The President proposes to regulate the growing use of injunctions in the Federal courts by requiring the judge to give notice to the adverse parties before granting the writ. Furthermore, he would have the Government lead the way by investigation, and as far as its power extends by legislation, in the establishment of employers' liability, the restriction of child labor, the improvement of the condition of women workers, and the amicable settlement of industrial disputes.

Among the other recommendations of this record-breaking state paper are:

An elastic currency. (Secretary Shaw proposes to allow banks to issue emergency notes surreptitiously to the amount of half their bond-secured output, under a tax of five or six per cent.)

The promotion of universal peace, with especial reference to the new Hague Conference.

The extension of our activity under the Monroe Doctrine to the financial guardianship of irresponsible American republics.

The reform of the public land laws in order to keep the remainder of the public domain out of the hands of speculators.

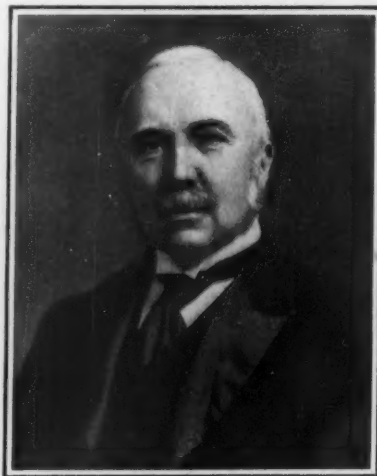
Progress in forest preservation.

Subsidies for American shipping.

A national provision for the care of the graves of the Confederate dead.

The exclusion of the "wrong sort" of immigrants and the better distribution of the right sort. The sifting process the President would wisely begin in the right place by preparing "through our own agents a far more rigid inspection in the countries from which the immigrants come."

A welcome to Chinese of the exempted classes.
The revision of the copyright laws.
The suppression of the traffic in adulterated food.
The acceptance of the Yosemite from California, and an attempt to secure Niagara from New York.
The preservation of the surviving buffalo.
The fortification of Hawaii, its relief from ex-



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN
The New Liberal Prime Minister of England

cessive taxation, and its development as an American, not an Asiatic, commonwealth.

American citizenship for Porto Ricans.

The industrial development of all our island possessions, especially by encouraging the investment of capital there, instead of repelling it.

The admission of the Indian Territory and Oklahoma as one State, and of New Mexico and Arizona as another.

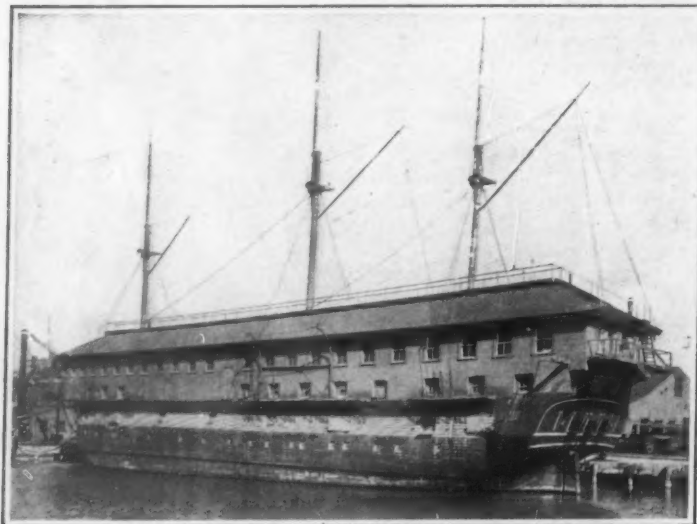
THE NAVY AT HIGH-WATER MARK

FOR THE FIRST TIME since the construction of the new navy began, twenty-three years ago, an Administration admits that the process of naval expansion has gone far enough. This is the view taken both by the President in his message and by Secretary Bonaparte in his annual report. But rejoicings on the part of the advocates of immediate naval retrenchment would be premature, for the estimates submitted by the Navy Department call for the largest appropriation ever made in any year of peace or war. The statement that the navy is large enough does not mean that we are to stop building. It means merely that we have provided for ships enough in the first fighting line, and that as we build new ones a corresponding number of old ones will be taken from the first line and held in reserve. Secretary Bonaparte recommends the construction this year of two new battleships, two scout cruisers, four destroyers,

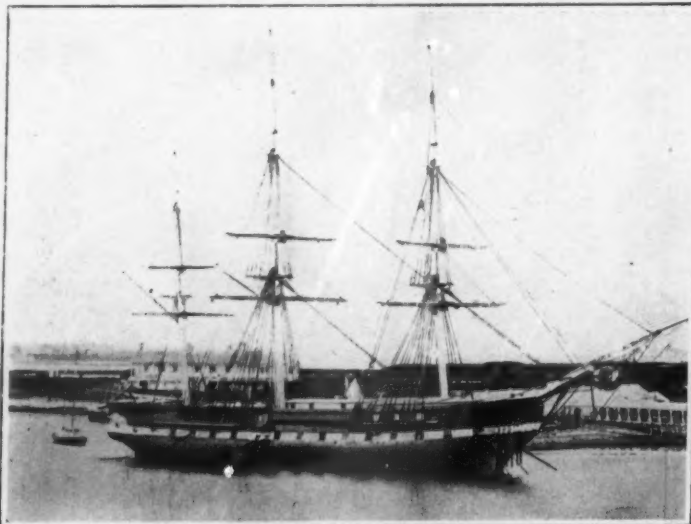
two submarines or submersibles, and three gunboats. The President thinks that for the present the construction of one new battleship a year would suffice to replace obsolete vessels of that class. Obviously, this would not make good the losses very long at the present rate of obsolescence. According to Secretary Bonaparte, all the battleships and armored cruisers that took part in the Spanish war are now obsolete as parts of a fighting fleet. The *Iowa*, one of those ships, first went into commission on June 16, 1897, and the *Brooklyn*, another, on December 1, 1896—in each case less than nine years before the date of this report. If vessels are to be superannuated in nine years, or even in twelve, it will clearly be necessary to build at least two battleships and one armored cruiser a year to keep the fleet up to its present authorized strength.

THE FALL OF THE UNIONIST PARTY

THE BALFOUR GOVERNMENT in England flickered quietly out on December 4, when the late Premier put the resignations of the Ministers in the hands of the King. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was immediately summoned to form a Ministry. Thus ends not merely a government, but a great party, which has been in power with a single brief intermission for nineteen years. Until Mr. Chamberlain brought forward his scheme for the revival of protection in 1903 the position of the Unionist party in England seemed unshakable. Its hold on office had slipped for a moment in 1892, but it was the votes of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales that had dislodged it. England, "the predominant partner," still stood by it with unmoved determination, and in 1895 it came back into power on a flood of votes surpassing even the torrent that swept away Gladstone's Home Rule bill in 1886. The Boer war renewed its lease of power in 1900, and the majority of 134 returned at the "khaki election" of that year had not been entirely whittled away when Mr. Balfour retired. But every by-election since the Chamberlain "taxed loaf" became an issue had made it clear that even England had turned at last. There was no longer any part of the three kingdoms in which a hunted Ministry could take refuge. Mr. Balfour's attempt to hang on to Mr. Chamberlain's skirts without fully adopting his policy has won no votes and has sacrificed a good deal of dignity. At last the humiliating spectacle is over. The Unionist party has ceased to exist. In its place is a Protectionist organization, bearing the same name but largely different in membership, and radically so in aims. At the last moment Mr. Balfour tried to revive the old issue upon which the Unionist alliance had been formed, by declaring that Liberal success would mean Home Rule for Ireland. Lord Rosebery, the former Liberal Premier, and Mr. Redmond, the Irish leader, played into his hands by emphasizing the Home Rule issue from opposite points of view, but the bulk of the Liberal party declined to be diverted from the straight question of free trade or protection.



The "Constitution" as she now lies at the Charlestown Navy Yard



The "Constitution" as she was in her prime

"OLD IRONSIDES," ONCE THE GLORY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY, NOW SAID TO BE READY FOR THE SCRAP HEAP

Secretary Bonaparte in his annual report says that the vessel that bears the name of the "Constitution" is not the one that sank the "Guerriere," since the old frigate has been so rebuilt that little of the original material is left. He thinks that so much of the old wood as can be identified and made useful should be taken out and put into a modern armored cruiser bearing the same name, and that the rest of the hull should be broken up or towed out to sea and sunk at target practice by the guns of the North Atlantic Fleet. The suggestion has stirred up a gale of patriotic protest



AN EIGHTH OF A MILLION NEW YORK JEWS PARADING IN MEMORY OF THE VICTIMS OF THE RUSSIAN MASSACRES

On December 4, a committee of the Jewish Defence Societies led 125,000 men, representing ninety-five societies, with mourning banners and bands playing dirges, through the streets of lower New York

THROUGH THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

ONE OF THE greatest feats in the history of exploration was made known to the world on December 6, when a despatch from Fort Egbert, Alaska, brought the news that Captain Roland Amundsen of Norway, with his little sloop, the *Gjoa*, of forty-six tons, had successfully traversed the Northwest Passage, from the Atlantic to Mackenzie Bay, whence the sea is open to the Pacific every summer. He has also established the location of the magnetic pole, and is believed to have discovered some new relics of the Franklin expedition. The Northwest Passage had been previously explored from each end, so that its whole course

was known to geographers, but it had never been traversed in its entire length by a single vessel. It had long ceased to have any commercial significance. The continent of America was thought at first to be an island, and for centuries it was supposed that commerce between Europe and Asia would find a direct and easy route through the mythical "Straits of Anian," which were believed to bound it on the north. La Salle expected to reach China by way of the St. Lawrence, and his exclamation, "La Chine!" is still embalmed in the name of the rapids above Montreal. But the hope of making any practical use of the Northwest Passage was long ago abandoned, and it is now merely a geographical curiosity.

INSURANCE REFORMING ITSELF

THE VALUE OF PUBLICITY as a remedy for financial evils has been abundantly illustrated in the course of the insurance exposures. Without any legal action, by the mere force of sunlight, Hyde and Alexander were first forced out of the Equitable. The emigration of the entire Clan McCurdy from the Mutual followed. Then Mr. George W. Perkins resigned from the vice-presidency of the New York Life. Mr. John A. McCall is left standing alone upon the burning deck whence all but him have fled, and the only question in his case is whether he will dive off in time or wait for the winds that far around with fragments strew the sea.

The Mutual has been finding considerable difficulty in effecting its reorganization. Upon the resignation of President McCurdy and the appointment of Mr. Cromwell to fill the office temporarily, a contest ensued between an element of the board of trustees that desired a thorough housecleaning before installing a new permanent management, and another, said to be led by Mr. H. H. Rogers and Mr. George F. Baker, which wished to push the reorganization through at once. The Rogers-Baker faction brought forward the name of Mr. Charles A. Peabody for the permanent presidency, and it soon showed that it controlled a majority of the trustees.

One of the most interesting features of the investigation was Mr. Thomas F. Ryan's explanation, on December 8, of the reasons that led him to buy the control of the Equitable. He said that he had "very large interests that were sure to be affected seriously by any disturbances in the financial situation." He saw in the "virtual certainty of a receivership for the Equitable Life" an impending disaster. To avert this and to "prevent the frightful losses that would occur from the violent breaking up of the Equitable," he thought that some one ought to acquire the stock. His first idea was to "get together a number of policy-holders who would take this company out of the hands in which it was going to destruction and give it a clean management . . . for the benefit of all honest interests." But he soon found that the amounts that could be obtained from people with no axes to grind would be very small, and that the only way to keep it out of the hands of the other kind would be to take it himself. He never desired the control for his own personal use, and he had refused Mr. Harriman's request for a share in the deal, presumably for speculative ends.

Chaos in Russia

NO gleams of light have yet appeared on the dark horizon of the Russian revolution. It is said that the revolutionists have been acting along the lines of a definite policy, under the guidance of intelligent leaders, but to the outside world their actions give only the impression of utter chaos. Strike follows strike, and the peaceful, non-political part of the population has been harried into absolute desperation. The refusal of the railroad, telegraph, and postal employees to do their work or to allow anybody else to do it has disorganized all the machinery of every-day life. It has also effected a curious reversal in the position of the forces of order and of disorder. Formerly outbreaks were local, and the resources of the Government for suppressing them were national. Now disorder is national, and the resources of the Government are local. When the authorities wish to send an order for the movement of troops, the few telegraph operators left on duty refuse to transmit it, but the strike leaders can have their messages sent from end to end of the Empire.

The revolution has caused a greater decline in the national credit in a few weeks than was suffered in the whole course of the Japanese war. In the first week of December the question was raised and seriously discussed abroad whether Russia would be able to meet the next quarterly coupons on her bonds. It was decided that her foreign credits would enable her to do that, but nobody ventured to look any further into the future. At home the postal savings banks were embarrassed by runs, and payments to depositors were delayed as far as

possible. The people have been drawing gold from other banks and converting it into foreign exchange. Rich landowners, driven from their homes by peasant risings, have fled to the cities in a state of beggary.

The "League of Leagues" has been gradually assuming the functions of a government, and its orders have been obeyed where those of the Czar's officials have been ignored. The hesitation of the authorities in dealing with this defiant rival has been due largely to doubts of the fidelity of the troops. The spirit of mutiny which has utterly destroyed the value of the navy as a force of order has spread through all ranks of the regular army and the reserves. Even the regiments of the Emperor's personal guard have been infected, and it has been found necessary to arrest hundreds of the officers and men responsible for the safety of the imperial family. The only thoroughly trustworthy forces left are the Cossacks, who were especially thanked for their fidelity by the Czar on December 9.

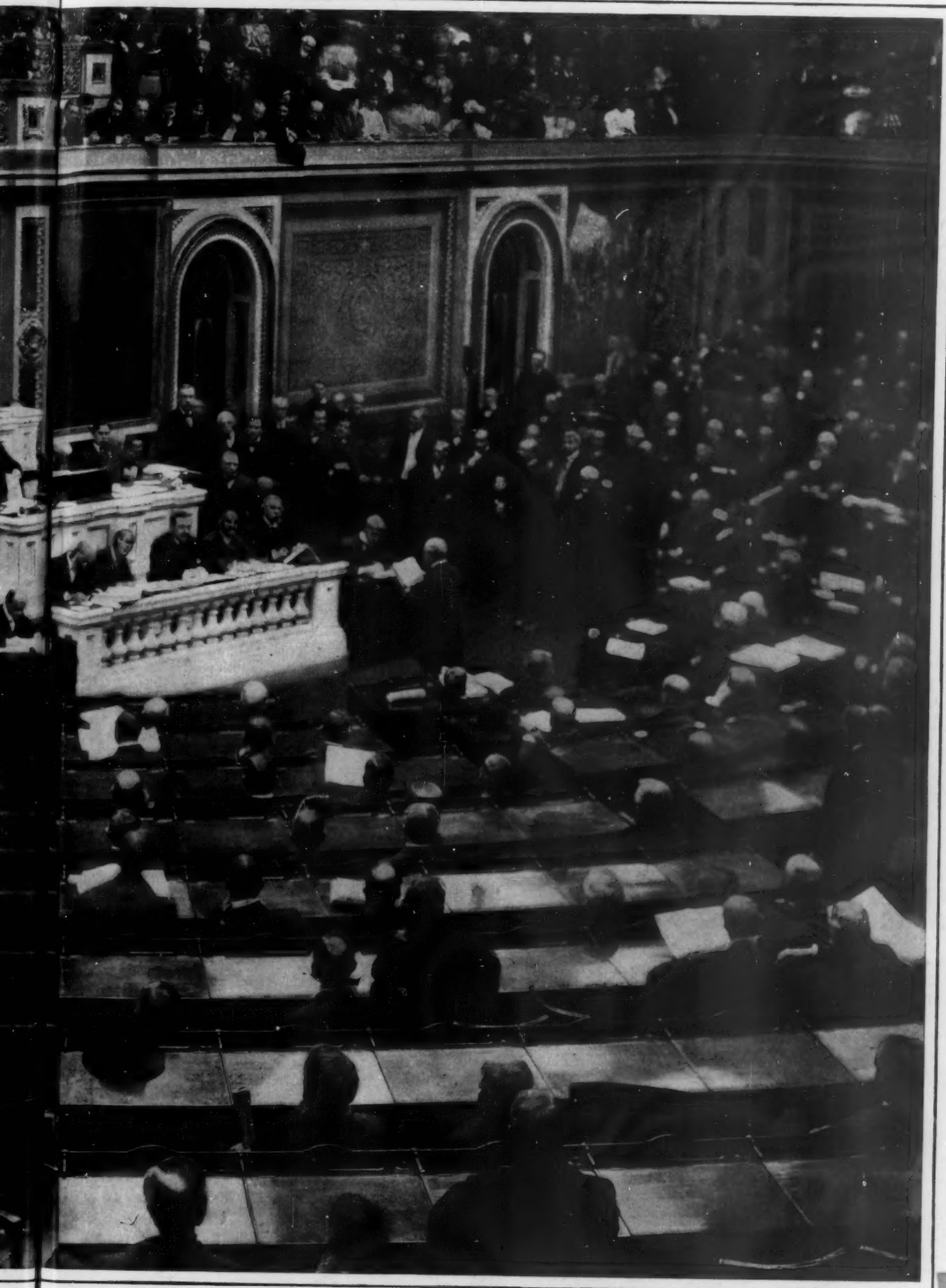
The practical inconveniences of anarchy have caused a revulsion of feeling among some conservative and wealthy citizens, who are inclined to prefer despotism and order to liberty and chaos. Encouraged by their support, the Government has ventured upon measures of repression, such as the arrest of M. Krustaleff, president of the executive committee of the Workmen's Council, and the restriction of the liberty of the press. But these proceedings have only enraged the advanced elements and made the position of the Witte régime more precarious.



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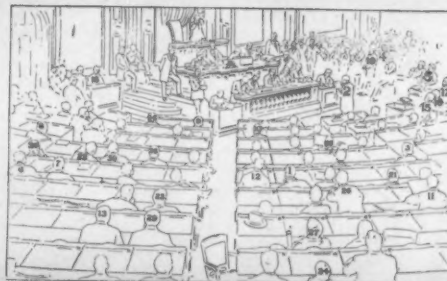
THE OPENING OF THE FIFTY-NINTH CONGRESS

SPEAKER J. G. CANNON TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, DECEMBER 4, 1905



CONGRESS

1. J. J. Fitzgerald, N. Y.
2. H. H. Bingham, Pa.
3. J. R. Mann, Ill.
4. H. C. Loudenslager, N. J.
5. W. P. Brownlow, Tenn.
6. Tim. D. Sullivan, N. Y.
7. W. H. Ryan, N. Y.
8. G. H. Lindsay, N. Y.
9. Rufus E. Lester, Ga.
10. Jacob Ruppert, Jr., N. Y.
11. David A. De Armond, Mo.
12. R. L. Henry, Texas.
13. James Hay, Va.
14. Jos. A. Goulden, N. Y.
15. E. Stevens Henry, Conn.
16. N. D. Sperry, Conn.
17. W. C. Lovering, Mass.
18. Serg't-at-Arms Carson.
19. Nicholas Longworth, O.
20. William R. Hearst, N. Y.
21. Wm. B. Lamar, Fla.
22. Henry D. Clayton, Ala.
23. O. W. Gillespie, Texas.
24. John Sharp Williams, Miss.
25. S. J. Bowie, Ala.
26. L. F. Livingston, Ga.
27. John Wesley Gaines, Tenn.
28. J. H. Bankhead, Ala.
29. J. M. Griggs, Ga.
30. J. S. Sherman, N. Y.



PRINT IN BINDING



A Newspaper Story by EDWIN BALMER
Illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark

HE stood agent to three hundred thousands. They did not pay him to have a conscience or scruples of his own, to hesitate or relent. Daily, as they laid down their pennies and swept the news stands clean, half the city gave their support, ratification, and sanction to his work. Daily, in the mighty referendum of those newsstand polls, a quarter million seized

his black and red-smudged ballots, reappointing and reappointing him to his task. He was young and untaught to reason alone against them all. Daily, as they commanded, he served them—loyally and in faithful harmony and accord with their desires.

The "star" reporter of the great Chicago "Express," it was not his to consider or spare any one. The three hundred thousands, who hired and paid him indirectly, sent him to the wreck, the murder, the theatre fire, the criminal's cell, and to the homes of the suicide and divorcee, for nothing but to discover and display, most pitilessly and mercilessly, all that he could make lurid, sensational, and morbid. They prohibited nerves, sentiment, or sympathy. They demanded, primarily, a head and a stomach let, undisturbed, to slander away a home and to pick up a man's legs from one side of a rail, the rest of the body from the other. Whether six died in a crash of suburban trains or six hundred burned to death in a theatre, it was type and ink to Haggarty; he was unappalled and dependable. And, as "dependable" before those great disasters other than death, he was especially dear to the hearts of the Chicago "Express" and its three hundred thousands whom he served daily.

The second great fire, which broke out on the northwest side, caught Haggarty working up one of those stories—as newspaper men call everything, from a war despatch to a wedding notice—for which he was most appreciated. At eleven o'clock, when he reached the local room of the "Express," he needed half an hour to duplicate his memorable Dravorter and Osbourne stories, which, for the two weeks they ran, added twenty thousand to the net paid circulation. In fact, this Vandon story promised more as—

The city editor prevented even the outline as he jerked toward the window. "I say that's your story," he snapped again, glancing fiercely at the reddening glare without.

"But Vandon—"

"Will keep. Will that? You can't handle both Wait, Billings. I thought so." There was scarcely a break as he turned to the telephone.

"Fire jumping river? All right—I know the wind—I tell you, Billings, I know all about the wind. Where?—where? I know why; don't you suppose the wind's here, too? Yes; I know that lumber district—all right—I said, all right. / know you can't do it alone. Meet Haggarty at the chief—the fire chief, you—I say I'll send Haggarty; he'll find the chief. Be there, too; understand?" Mr. Hardin swung up triumphantly.

"Hear that, Haggarty?" he said. "Three alarms in on that Goose Island fire. It's jumping the river, and they've rung in the river call for the fireboats. Queen, from Deering's, is there now. It's eleven-ten. Phone your story for the country edition so we can write it here by twelve-thirty; write it for the city and get your copy here before two-fifteen. Billings and Stoddart are out there now, but pass up nothing to them. Cover everything yourself, Haggarty. They can't even phone straight. They're messengers—understand? Wait."

The electric alarm cut in, but "One, four—nine," Mr. Hardin counted almost before it halted to repeat the signal. "Rung from Chicago Avenue—jumped the river, then Chicago Avenue in ten minutes; d'you hear?" He jerked again toward the window as the thick pane shook and tinkled from the blast, driving the dust and even the heavier gravel of the street

against it, but the reporter shrugged his shoulders irritably.

"A little wind," he disparaged, "but I tell you I've that beat. Don't you know who the Vandons are, Mr. Hardin?" he urged obstinately. "It's first page stuff easy—in twenty minutes—and it's exclusive. I have it all to myself. That," he indicated the window contemptuously, "that's anybody's story; there's no scoop in that."

"That," the older man broke in savagely. "Yes; that may be only another '71, another Chicago fire," he mocked, "and where'll we be with those cub reporters, Billings and Stoddart, without you? Who'll handle it?" he challenged the deserted local room. "First page stuff, man? That fire may mean an extra! Phone your story for the country at twelve-thirty; for the city edition—Gurkin, Gurkin," he called to the office boy, "go with Mr. Haggarty and bring in his copy for the city edition. Get it here by two-fifteen. Haggarty, keep Billings and call me on the phone. If it's worth an extra, send him in with your stuff. You haven't a minute now! Move!"

It was the wild, turbulent night of Chicago in late November—when the lean, cold wind sweeps down from Manitoba with a thousand-mile impetus to drive it, and the damp, heavy current from the lake blusters in counter; when the dust raised from the streets and the smoke pulled down from the roofs whirl together in harsh, dry clouds, beating and rebounding and whirling back again from the leaden, sunken sky overhead. Ordinarily, of course, such a night is a dense flurry of unbroken black; but as Haggarty and the boy went out, instead of a pall to the northwest, there flaunted an angry, threatening red. It became scarlet and yellow as they neared it, and the blast, crackling the smoke into weird shadows before the glare from the sky, already seemed scorched and desperate as it beat the rattling car windows. Two engines, one from the north and the other from behind, sprang heedlessly toward each other until, swinging wide parabolas with wheels skidding, they raced west on Chicago Avenue.

The reporter watched them with a sudden impulse of doubt, but when they were gone settled back exasperatingly.

"Here!" Gurkin cried excitedly, pulling the reporter's sleeve. "Say—we're off here! There's 'nother alarm, and one of them," he pointed after the engines, "came from beyond North Avenue! We're past! and Mr. Hardin—sa-ay," he hesitated fearfully as the car crossed another street. "Say, you ain't goin' to Vandon's now, Mr. Haggarty? You ain't goin' now?" he almost sobbed, "why, there's 'nother alarm in, and Mr. Hardin said—"

"Oh, shut up," the reporter stopped him roughly but half a dozen blocks further on, as he jumped from the car, "We're going to make your fire all right," he volunteered graciously. They reached the boulevard corner two blocks east. "Wait here," the reporter said curtly. "Ten minutes, Gurkin."

The man who opened the door of the big stone house said yes, Mrs. Vandon was in, but to be disturbed on no account at that hour; still—thank you, sir—there might be no harm in showing her a card. He looked curiously at the reporter when he returned almost immediately to say that the gentleman might go up to the study.

The study was a large room which, from the heavy furnishings and the trophies on the wall, seemed to have been planned for a man's retreat, but which, from its air and arrangement, somehow indicated that, recently at least, it had been most used by a woman. It was half lighted by a large, shaded lamp, which threw a subdued light far enough to disclose the soft outlines of a feminine figure before the door leading to an apartment beyond. The reporter stopped in the centre and rested one hand upon the table, and the woman, too, stood silent until the servant, unable to

fuss longer with the curtains, clattered resentfully down the stairs.

"The child has not been well," the woman explained softly. "I must stay here by him, and I am not strong myself." She looked down at the card in her hand and seemed to check a sudden eagerness. "You sent up my husband's card asking that I see you at once; he meant—that is, he wished me to see you to-night?" she asked simply.

"Not exactly," the reporter said. He had been quite prepared for any of the dozen types of women against whom his experience warned him, but this girl was none of them. She was very young and sweet-looking rather than beautiful, with a slender little figure; and it took a moment to notice that a quiet personal distinction, rather than the style of the dress itself, set off the simplicity of her attire. Then he smiled deprecatingly at his hesitation.

"I'm the Haggarty of the 'Express,'" he went on quickly. He smiled again unpleasantly as she started involuntarily. "You've heard of me, have you? Well, I knew if I could write an introduction for myself on one of his cards," he indicated carelessly the slip in her hand, "it would help me to see you to-night. So I got one—from a certain woman."

He leaned forward sharply to mark the effect of the careful insinuation, but the girl only stepped nearer into the light and waited till he drew back unsatisfied.

"And now that you have seen me?" she asked, almost gently.

"There's a good deal about you I'd better know."

He was used, after that roughly suggestive threat, to see certain women falter and hesitate before him, but this one merely regarded him puzzledly for an instant; then, turning simply, she felt on the wall for the bell. Haggarty laughed harshly.

"Wait there," he warned significantly. "Wait a minute! There was Dravorter—you know, his wife wouldn't see me when I called. You knew Osbourne's wife, too. Did you know she rang and had the servants show me out? You can recall, I suppose," he threatened sneeringly, "what happened to them? You remember the 'unfortunate' mistakes I made because they wouldn't see me—till too late? That's better," he approved patronizingly as her arm dropped and he heard her sharp, sobbing gasp. "I thought you wouldn't ring it, especially as the woman," he repeated measuredly, "was Madame Vredane. Can I see you now?"

He scrutinized her impudently from top to toe with the calm, irritating assurance of one who disarms and holds another at his mercy. She came forward again under his scrutiny and stood in the light, as though that could evidence she had nothing to hide; but this time her lips were thin and pressed tightly together, and the frank, brown eyes showed dark and incongruous with the whiteness of her face. The reporter, as his gaze met those eyes, shifted it very quickly away even as he smiled more confidently. He saw he had to beat a girl only—and one so weak and frail and unstrung that she held herself up only by a constant strain. He recalled, with easy satisfaction, why she was so, and calculated complacently how quickly he could force things.

"You know about—about Madame Vredane and the rest?" she said.

"Thank you," the reporter said. "That's just what I wanted. So you knew, did you?" He bent nearer in his cold, brutal scrutiny.

"They told me you were very attractive. You look more than that. I think, I think," he said with grudging, judicial hesitation, "I have never seen a more attractive woman. I'll have to touch up our picture of you at the office to do you justice; of course, I'll take care to do you justice in my story," he put in generously, "so it will be extra interesting to our readers to know exactly why Vandon chooses to do as he does—and why you let him. Of course, if you prefer to have

me guess why, as I guessed for Dravorter and Osbourne," he threatened carelessly, "all right. If not, why does this go on and you do nothing?" He even stepped a trifle toward her to bully for the full effect of the sudden advantage. "Why?"

"Why? Because of the child." "The child?" the reporter repeated mechanically. He recovered at once and shifted quickly. "Whew!" he whistled with nastier suggestion. "The child, eh?" "The child," she repeated. His sense came to her then and she shuddered back from him till her hand found support and steadied her. "Oh, I mean," she stammered hastily, "I mean only he didn't want the child—he just didn't want it."

"He wouldn't have his own child?" the reporter pressed on sceptically. "So you want that published as the reason, do you?"

He saw her shrink again as though he had struck her.

"Not that," she pleaded, with a quick gasp of concern. "Oh, not that! I didn't say he wouldn't have the child. He just didn't want it now. I mean he didn't know he wanted it," she stumbled on confusedly. "He wasn't ready, that was all. Why—he was so young and he had so much! He couldn't understand, that was all."

"He was so young?" the reporter intoned unsparingly after her. He watched a quick, unnatural flush as of fever spread over her face; still facing him, as though held under the fascination of an actual weapon threatening her, she was shrinking back slowly, almost imperceptibly, till she sank with weary relief upon the big seat which her hand had found behind for support.

"And"—the reporter was continuing deliberately, half seating himself upon the arm of a chair opposite—"he had so much, you say, that he didn't want his own child?"

"He was so young and he had so much," the girl repeated again, "that he couldn't know that there should be—that there had to be anything else." She looked about half blankly and despairingly, and then faced the reporter again hopelessly. "You know how young we were when we were married, and how much we had,"

she forced herself on as the reporter gestured impatiently. "We had everything we could want. We could do anything and enjoy anything without a thought or a care, and we did. We seemed to have no need for anything else, because we both liked the same things and could always have them together. Why, it seemed even to me—I mean it seemed to me then—that there was nothing else we could want. And he was satisfied, too; it was all right that first year—almost two years—do you understand, until—the change came."

She seemed to choke as she sucked her breath in, and the reporter, as he watched, saw her relax momentarily and sink back. He moved sharply therefore. "You got to the change," he prompted quickly. "You said a change came. Go on."

"To me," the woman qualified wearily, obedient to the iterated threat in his tone, "not to him." She swallowed and her voice came more steadily. "Nothing came to change him—as it came to me. That was the trouble. And he hadn't time to change the other way—by growing tired and weary of the things he had till—he had to have the other. The everything we had was still everything to him, so we didn't—he couldn't know the necessity of—of anything else. It would have been the same, it is the same with a thousand other men in his place," she put in with weak defiance, "but—it's the same with their wives, too—so there's no trouble. They think they have so much they're afraid to interfere and afraid to risk giving up what they have; that's all the—the other means to them. So the change can't come to them except gradually—after they have worn out the old things and seen how thin they are, and then—if it's not too late—they want the other. If I could have waited and the change could have come to me that way, he—he might have understood; he would have had time to change too, and—and it would have been all right. But it didn't—it couldn't come to me that way."

She choked again, and the reporter, who had been watching her carefully, evidently thought it unnecessary to force her on roughly. Two red patches burned hot in her cheeks, and her eyes, too, as they sought the objects in the room, were bright and feverish. They glanced about restless and unseeing, staring at the reporter and passing him by as they stared at and passed by the lamp-shade beside him, the bookcase, and the chair beyond. The reporter recognized the symptom.

"It came to you differently?" he led on persuasively. "Very differently," the woman followed readily, and though she filled out his question, otherwise she seemed not to address him at all, or recognize that she did so. "It came to me very differently, and—and so strangely and unexpectedly that I hardly understood it myself. . . . I couldn't have expected him to." Her eyes rested blankly on the bowl of the lamp for an instant. "Yet I now it had to come to me that way, or else—or else, might have come too late. So it came to me"—the eyes were jumping nervously, rest-

lessly, again from object to object—"suddenly and unexpectedly one night, I say, as we came in late from a dance; it came to me how cold and empty and barren the great house was—the big, silent rooms, with nothing in them dearer or of greater concern to me than the silks which the dressmaker's boy delivered and the meat and wine from the market. Though he was there, I was lonely—and—and lacked—and lacked some one. It was more than that—I hated the life I had; I saw it hollow and empty, and I hated it and knew I had to have—the other. Yet I knew too that he did not know it, and he wanted only the old things. I knew he did not feel it or understand it yet, but I—I—"

The color flashed hotter in her cheeks as the fever spread; even in the delicate fingers clutching the cushions, the reporter saw the hot, feverish glow. He moved sharply again; his time was gone. "While you?" he goaded quickly. "You—?"

"I? I had to have the other—the child; I had to, I had to! Don't I know," she faced him almost wildly with a burst of false strength, "that the change must come to him, too, some day? Do I not know that, if I had not the child, he would give his hand then to have the boy—and it would be too late? You ask me why I can endure what I have; because I can wait. For I know he will come to himself some day, and come to me on his knees and with tears in his eyes. Do you not think I can stand a great deal till then? He will come to himself and take the boy in his arms, and everything which he has lost and worn out for himself—the old, happy hopes and dreams—will come back to him more wonderful and fresher than ever before, as they have to me when I take the child. And what if they may be vain and foolish? They will have come back to him again and made him happy—happy as they have me—happy but for—" She threw her face forward into her hands and sobbed chokingly. "Oh, I don't mean this; I don't mean this, for it will be all right in the end; it must be all right!" She tried to raise her head again and choke back her sobs. "For that is all. I have told you everything. I brought him

again, Haggarty flung wrathfully toward the woman. "Twelve?" he demanded of the boy in impotent anger.

"A most," Gurkin panted; he had dashed back at once to precipitate the other's flight and was already upon the stairs. The reporter half started after him in the hot contagion of the impulse, then delayed. The clatter of the boy's feet fell away from the last step, the reporter stopped, came back, and touched the woman clumsily. "I'm going now," he said roughly, "but—I'll let you off all I can."

For him it was unprecedented; he even wondered incredulously at himself as he waited; yet the woman gave no sign that she heard or was grateful. He shook her arm impatiently.

"Didn't you hear?" he asked sharply. "I said I'd let you off—all I can."

He shook her once more and her strength came back, but the reporter saw, without gratification this time, how pitifully false it was. He recalled how very young her child was, and the rest she had had to bear, and swore angrily below his breath. She was clinging to his coat.

"You'll let me off—all you can?" she said. "But he—he?"

"You want him off, too?" the reporter returned harshly. "Didn't I say I'd let you off? You know I can't let him off." He jerked himself free roughly and swung toward the door, but after a step was about again indignantly.

"If I could let him off," he challenged, "what good would it do? He won't change and come back the way you say. How can you know?" he asked contemptuously. "I know," he convinced himself superiorly. "I've seen enough of 'em. I'm going to let you off—all I can," he qualified again carefully, "and I'm going to take him off your hands. That's all now," he warned, as he turned again and she tried to follow. "You won't admit it's the best thing could happen to you; but we'll relieve you of him all right," he laughed unpleasantly; "it isn't often we get such a chance."

He heard an inarticulate exclamation behind him. The woman had caught herself up on the edge of the table, and with that support was making toward him. He swung around again angrily and swore.

"I'm not playing a trick," she cried bitterly as her flush went hotter. "I'm not—I'm not putting this on to keep you. I'm truly not strong yet. I've only just been up and there's been—you know there's been a good deal upon me. You say he won't change and come back?" she reverted dully.

"How do you know? How can you know? I say he will come back; I know he must if—he only had a little time. Oh, I've stood so much for that—because in all my thoughts and dreams and prayers I knew he must change. I've been able to bear it all because I know—I know he only needs a little time. So won't you—can't you give him just a little time?"

"Time?" the reporter snapped. "I give him a little time? It's all I could do to keep this story to myself to-day, to-morrow it's common property. I told you it wouldn't do any good if I could give him time," he denied again roughly. "Don't I know the kind? And—" he started again quickly—"I'm damned if you keep me this way any longer."

She struggled helplessly after him again. Her hand slipped off the end of the table and she half fell. The reporter turned, swearing coarsely and directly.

"I said this wasn't a trick!" she cried hotly again, as she held him off and drew up distressfully. "You know I'm not strong; but—but it isn't fair to keep you—this way. So please, please go, but ring for Perkins—first, please. I can't—reach the bell."

From without, as he touched the button, the reporter heard another rumble and roar, and then the voice of the boy calling again, shrill and imperative. A clock somewhere struck the full hour, yet even Haggarty could not leave the woman as she was. She, however, seemed to have almost forgotten him; her head dropped forward, and she reasoned dully with herself.

"He would come if he only gave him a little time; he would," the reporter heard her say. "He must come."

I have seen and dreamed it so often. I have seen or felt nothing else, and I can't—everything I have known can't be wrong. I could never think or dream—even dream anything else but—but—" she started suddenly and looked about with a terrible, wild, unreasoning fear. "But once," she sucked in her breath bitterly, "I even dreamed something else once; but it was only a dream—only a silly dream from the strange little legend I had been reading. Can that—can that alone be right, and all the rest with my prayers mean nothing? Yet even in that he was coming back to me," she cried in bitter, sorry triumph. "It was the legend of the husband lost and astray in the dark, waste places. He had lost the way a long time, but had found it again, and was coming back when the wolf—the wolf was upon him and tore him down."

She roused herself with the last of her strength and faced him without support. "And he is lost and astray in the dark, waste places—in the wastes of the city."



The reporter turned, swearing coarsely and directly

his child to keep his life new when he had worn it out, but he couldn't understand, he couldn't understand, and he—"

To Haggarty—for the fraction of a moment the star man of the "Express" and the dependable representative of its three hundred thousands forgot himself—all sound concentrated in the broken, choking sobs of the woman before him. Without, the wind crashed and howled; far off a rumble arose, resolved itself into a roar as it passed, and, fainting to a clatter on the asphalt beyond, died away. Then a bell shrilled sharply, and as the man answered it and ascended the stairs, a stumbling, eager little step rattled past him, and Gurkin burst into the room.

"Mr. Haggarty, Mr. Haggarty," he cried. "No other alarm's in now! They're from Lake View and Belmont now! And it's twelve, Mr. Haggarty, twelve, and—"

"Twelve?" In the sudden rush of himself aroused

He has lost the way, but I know he is finding it! He would come back now, but the wolf—yes, you, the wolf of the city—is upon him! You would tear him down before he can get back, you would—"

The nerves, which she had made to hold her, snapped. Her head slipped forward and her limbs sank heavily. She tried to rise, but the effort merely threw her head up for an instant and it fell back then, limp and heavy. Haggarty sprang forward and caught her up awkwardly. He glanced confusedly down at the face which fell away from his coat, and her eyes opened. She seemed to recognize him, but as though she looked upon a beast—a beast which can know no mercy and can have no reproach for its lack—she looked up at him. In her eyes were fear and terror, but fear and terror awful in the absence of hope or pleading. Though the reporter would take his gaze away, those eyes held his; even when the delicate lids drew wearily over the eyes, still he seemed looking down upon that awful, hopeless terror which made him one apart—not a man without mercy or pity, but a beast to which both are impossible, a beast without appeal and without reproach. It transfixed him, for he stood still bent as he had stooped to catch her. His breath whistled out and he felt the blood pumping and throbbing hot in his cheeks and temples, and through the arms which held her against him; strangely, madly, and quite against his will, the blood burned and tingled, pricking and stinging him to a sickening, unsuspected bitterness and realization; and stubbornly and sickeningly, with all the training and instinct of his hard, cruel life struggle turning against him, he beat it down fiercely, strangled it down and denied it; then lifting her quite free from the floor, he straightened himself and threw back his head.

The servant rushed in, but, pointing simply to the bedroom door, the reporter followed into the darkened room. He looked about hesitantly, then passing the bed in the centre, he laid the woman down upon the couch made ready beside the cradle. He strode from the room without looking back, and left her to the servant.

From beyond, as he opened the outside door, came the frightened, uncomfortable cry of a little child; for another instant the reporter hesitated. He knew that the cry had revived the young mother, for at once the child's complaint ceased, and then, but not till the child was quieted, came the broken, convulsive sobs.

"Gurkin," the reporter said to the frantic boy, "go find Mr. Billings. He'll be somewhere near the fire marshal. Tell him and Stoddard to do what they can on the story. Tell 'em they've got to cover it alone. I'm not coming. Shut up! Get!"

The servant, who, after shutting the bedroom door, stood wondering in the centre of the study, gazed dazedly at Haggarty as he re-entered the room.

"I shall wait here for Mr. Vandon," the reporter explained quietly. "He usually returns?"

Outside the wind blew stronger and steadier; upon it came a shrieking, wailing sound, rising and falling—a ragged, audible spectre in the night, the fireboat's siren screaming for the right of the waterway a mile to the west. As the curtain flew up from Haggarty's hand, he could see no single blazing centre as before, from which the red rippled away pink and lighter pink toward a surrounding black; for all the sky waved and billowed in a scarlet sheet, laced by a hurrying haze of smoke which in turn was spotted like a woman's veil, black and yellow with dead and burning embers. Each moment the blaze came nearer and hotter, but slowly, deliberately—as one who drinks no more spills his glass—Haggarty pulled down the curtain and turned away. Now and then, as the winds bellowed louder and seemed to drive their harsh breath even through the heavy glass and curtain, and when the fire apparatus passed in the roar and clatter of the streets, he smiled grimly to himself. A second siren shrieked and wailed, but from the street there came no further sound, and Haggarty knew, with a dull, unnatural disregard, that all the available companies must have responded.

One o'clock had passed and two. Three came, with the servant looking in again to see the reporter still awake and alert in the half-lighted room. Four came, with the heavy breathing of the man on the floor below; then the front door opened and a heavy, unsteady step stumbled up. Haggarty sighed in relief and shook himself into fresh alertness. He was standing in the full light when the other entered.

"Who in hell are you?" Vandon articulated with precision, "and what the devil you doing here?"

He was tall and well built, and even the drink, which he had stomachached through the first stages to have it leave him nervous and irritable, could not entirely destroy the air of breeding and a sense of superiority over things in general. He swung his light cane threateningly as he lurched forward. The reporter smiled easily.

"I'm Haggarty of the 'Express,'" he replied directly. "Haggarty?" the other grunted. "Haggarty? Haggarty of the 'Express'?" His dull, shifting eyes looked up suspiciously, then away, then back to the reporter. "I—see," the thought connected slowly. "You're the

damned meddler around Madame Vredane this evening, Haggarty," he leered, as he drew up before the other, "the busybody." He struck his trouser leg sharply with the cane. "Haggarty, the scandal-monger." He struck again more viciously. "Haggarty"—he raised the cane higher—"the blackmailer!"

The wrist twisted quickly and swung the cane full in the reporter's face. Across the cheek and nose a red welt arose. Haggarty laughed silently and put out an arm tolerantly, as one struggles with a child. He wrenched away the stick with a sudden effort and raised it, but as the other shrank back the reporter hurled it contemptuously to the floor.

"Pick it up," he said, and turned on his heel.

When he faced about Vandon's bluster was gone. He was leaning forward in the big chair and regarded the reporter curiously.

"What's the price, man?" he said at length, wearily. "Vredane told me what you know. What'll you need to hush it? Your price, man?" he repeated.

The reporter paced once more to the end of the rug, turned back, and gazed down coldly.

"I have this story alone," he said frigidly. "No one is in on it but me; I have it exclusively. If it gets out—if I choose to let it out," he substituted deliberately, "you can't stay in the city; you'll find it hard in any



"Haggarty," he leered, as he drew up before the other, "the busybody!"

decent place. I think you know that. If it's not to get out—"

Vandon stirred with the quick irritation of one who knows himself at a disadvantage.

"Depends on what I pay?" he broke in harshly. "Well, didn't I say I'd pay. Then skip it, man. How much?"

"How much?" Haggarty glanced away. "I know everything," he said slowly, "do you understand? Everything."

The tone struck the dullness from the other for the instant and started him forward.

"You know," Vandon asked quickly, "all that happened here, too?"

"The way you treated your wife and child?" the reporter corrected. "Yes."

"And you will—" he broke off and fell back helplessly. His condition did not allow him to estimate and adjust himself quickly to a changed situation.

"And I'll put up the price?" the reporter finished scornfully. He touched the welt on his cheek. "Are you wondering how much extra that'll cost you? I'd like to know why you thought I stood for that." He turned the length of the rug once more.

"I see you know some things about me; there's a few you don't. I'm from a three-family-to-a-room stockyards tenement," he ran on abruptly. "That's where I started. You can figure how damned particular and sensitive I am by birth—and early associations in a three-family-to-a-room stockyards tenement. There wasn't a whole lot of room after those families got fairly started, so it was me to the streets. . . . I'll skip that. About nine years later, when I was twelve, I helped a 'Despatch' reporter on one

of their rotten 'specialty' stories. They thought I was smart and took me into the office. They started my training.

"I had to sort the copy and stick it on the different hooks. You may remember the sort of copy we printed. And what we didn't print!"

"Even what we printed was too rotten for Chicago, and they busted the paper—not before it had time to train me—for the 'Express.' Maybe I was smart; anyway, I caught on to things easily, remembered words and the way of putting them together. I used to work on the machines, after the reporters went, copying and copying over and over again till I got the mechanics of writing and could do it. So a couple of years ago I made good on the 'Express.' I certainly had the right instinct and the necessary faith—the instinct to find everything rotten, and the faith to make it rotten anyway. I made good with it. Every time I smashed up a home or started somebody to the devil, up went our circulation—and my pay. The rotten I could make a story, the better every one liked it; at least, they bought papers that way. You don't have to figure how damned nice and discriminating I am by training—that training. You knew Dravorter; I drove him from the city and his wife to hell. You knew Osbourne; he's somewhere, I guess, with another name, and his wife—you know what his wife is. There's been others," he said carelessly, "but you wouldn't know 'em."

He faced short about, and though his voice was still hard and uninflected, Vandon noticed, with a slow, comprehending smile, that his hands were clinched tight at his sides.

"And there came damn near being another," he went on coldly. "I was going to do it. I wouldn't have made it worse than fifty I've handled—and they never touched me. I thought I could handle anything; I have pretty near. I've had to. I was trained to it and made my living by it. But I'm no damned—I'm no damned beast!" He checked himself instantaneously with the gasp of one who has blurted the very word he stammered to avoid. "I mean, there's something I can't stand for," he substituted hurriedly.

"You mean," Vandon corrected with slow cunning and persuasion, "you won't blackmail me, and this story doesn't get out if—if?" he questioned. "You know what I mean."

"Yes, I know," Vandon replied deliberately. He looked the reporter over carefully. Haggarty waited, his body stern and his face expressionless—but into the palms of his hands, still clinched at his sides, the nails cut and the fingers whitened with the pressure. "And I don't care a damn," Vandon ended carelessly.

"You mean, then, that it shall still be Vredane—and the rest?"

"Any one," Vandon replied offensively, "until they take to tending puking babies and change to stay-at-home wet nurses. Look here, you can keep still for a while now. I see she's paid you—or cried you—into this for her; so I'll tell you she did it. She chose between us; she knew I didn't want any—any child, and I didn't marry her for a nurse; she knew all right. I guess she didn't tell you that. She chose me or a child—and took the child. She can have it now all to herself; she might complain if I was taking it from her, but I'm not," he said virtuously. "She can have all the nice, quiet home life she wants; I'm not interfering, but she can't force it on me, too. Did she think I married her," he started rhetorically, as the drink rose in him again and worked him up, "to shut myself up in a nursery and rock cradles with her?" He snapped his fingers in the reporter's face.

"Go ahead," he dared, "run your story."

"Before you said that," the reporter returned quietly, "you made sure I wouldn't run it."

"Well?"

"But I shall run a story about you—a different story," he explained evenly, "and not necessarily right away; in a year or two perhaps—perhaps sooner," he qualified coolly. "You see, no one, in this country anyway, has yet gone your way with Madame Vredane. The reporter seemed not to know the other winced impotently; he went on lightly: "So I can't say how long she takes to finish them. The average is perhaps better than a year."

He stepped quickly before Vandon as the other arose and squared to him, no longer cynical or sarcastic. Vandon's wavering eyes met the reporter's madly, then stayed upon them, soberly at first; then respectfully. To Haggarty the strange, incomprehensible tingling of five hours before surged back, stinging and burning within him, yet outside he was unmoved and his words came naturally.

"I know a good deal about you, Vandon," he said, "and I've told you something of myself. You and I, Mr. Vandon," he went on more deferentially, "have seen a good deal of one sort of a life—but from opposite sides. You have been on the side where the tucks and flounces are, but I where the hems and seams hold them on; you have seen only the glitter, but I the tinsel that reflects it; you have always emptied the glass, and I have had to pick the glass on from the dregs. I am no older than you, yet I've sent twenty—God knows how many more—the way you are going, and I have had also to write the story of the suicide's

last disgrace for too many of them—and for perhaps a hundred others." He dropped back a little and picked up his hat from the table.

"The story I came here with to-night I shall never write," he said. "The other?" He bowed with a gesture a little theatrical. "Au revoir," he said.

He moved away quickly then; but suddenly, as though the thought came to him at once, he stopped, turned carelessly, and quite disregarding the other, crossed over boldly to the door of the room beyond.

Vandon started quickly. "Look here," he warned sharply. "Look out there; where are you going?"

"Where I was at twelve o'clock," the reporter returned easily, "when she fainted, and I had to carry her in here." His manner of the moment before was gone and he was again cold and distant. "She's not undressed; the baby woke and she was too tired," he continued mercilessly. "Then I haven't heard her move since. I didn't know you'd mind my disturbing your—*myself*." He threw open the door unconcernedly and stepped in. Behind him he heard an angry, smothered exclamation, and though he did not acknowledge it, the reporter knew that the other followed him.

In the first gray light from the east windows, the reporter scarcely noted the helpless little figure in the cradle, for his glance swept at once to the woman beside it and dwelt there, set and expressionless. Guarding even in sleep, as a mother does, she seemed not older but younger than before, and, though sheltering another, she herself lay frail and defenceless. With her cheek pillowed on her arm, her profile showed fine and distinct; her eyes were closed, but her lips moved slightly and parted now and then as though they would speak of the great hope and faith and courage which were theirs—and could not.

The reporter looked down unmoved.

"I was going to ask her," he began doubtfully—he felt the other behind, and his tone, instead of bringing the husband in, only put him further away and made him merely a looker-on—"I was going to ask her," he repeated, "if she will get a separation at once, for then I'll have to have some sort of a story right now." He bent nearer officiously. "But now I think I needn't; she will for the child's sake. She will have to. But she will not marry again," he ran on cheerfully. "She is very young and pretty, and will have a great many chances, of course; but she will not marry that way. She will live alone, I think—with her child."

The reporter dropped back imperceptibly; he disregarded the other as absolutely as if the husband was there only on his sufferance.

"My story," he said slowly, "what I intended to write, will never be written by me, but others will write it up; and however much the truth may clear her, when the separation comes—as it must—the lie and gossip will go round, and she will have to bear it. She has never been much exposed to that sort of thing, I guess; she is soft and tender yet, she fainted only to-night.

But she shall get used and hardened to it, and learn to bear the sneers and snubs and disgrace before decent people, and her son—your son—shall bear the disgrace with her. They shall speak pityingly or condescendingly to him on the street and whisper behind his back when he has passed; but for his sake she will hold up her head the more and keep her eyes dry. She will cry only to herself when she is quite alone at night and he has gone to sleep. She will watch over him very carefully to see that he—there was the slightest possible inflection on the word—"to see that he grows up clean and strong and manly, to be of use and service; and then he shall make it all up to her, and at last shall comfort her when you—"

The woman before them stirred, but the reporter only stepped nearer in bold, impudent curiosity. He felt a hindering grasp upon his arm, but shook it off roughly. Vandon had come up beside him. The woman's lips moved strongly now, but her words, spoken from sleep, at first fell broken and inarticulate.

"He," the reporter made it out, "he is finding—is finding the way—the way at last." Her breath sucked in and sighed out in the tremor of her eagerness. "Oh, I can feel—I can see him coming—coming back to me." She raised herself a little unsteadily, and her arms trembled out longingly, forgivingly. "Coming, oh, surely coming back, unless—unless—" her eyes stared suddenly open, and as they met the reporter, though he knew them for the wide, unseeing eyes of sleep, involuntarily he raised his arm to shut out the terror from them—"unless—unless the wolf—the wolf—! Oh, Roger, come to me now before the wolf—come to me now; come—come!"

And the husband, though he had stood confused and could not understand, gave a quick, jealous cry, and, dashing the reporter aside, he knelt and took his wife in his arms. She awoke, and, drawing him to her with all the passion of her woman's strength, the tears burst forth unchecked in the wonderful grief of sudden great joy and content. The man's eyes, too, were wet as, slowly and penitently, he lifted his head to her; he drew her back and, leaning away, kissed his child, and then lifted his lips to hers again. At that she cried out anew and held him to her again; but then, as she looked up, she saw the reporter standing there, and the great unreasoning fear which had sprung to the dull eyes the moment before flashed back conscious and terrible.

"You?" she cried. "You? Are you upon him now? Can you take him even here?" She held her husband to her more frantically. "Oh, no, no; for you are too late—he has found the way and come back, as I said he would! You can not take him now! It is he—the wolf!" she cried terribly, as the man in her arms started up, "the wolf of the city, who is come to tear you down, who is come—"

But the Wolf of the City was gone—silently, without

word or disturbance, he passed out and left them alone together. Into the leaden smoke-fog of the morning he went, and choking and blinding, as it drifted low and heavy, it clotted about him and shut him away. Dense and elastic, it bore vaguely and weirdly to him the tremble and murmur of the great stricken north city. It left him no need of the wild, staring faces that shot past, of the engines slinking, black and beaten, through the fog, or of the voices calling from the mist, "Extra—extra! All about the fire, the fire!"—always just *the fire, the fire* dwarfing and precluding the wildest adjective of newsboy description. Before him the whole night flashed in picture, and "what?"—the question throbbed dull and aching in his brain—"what had Billings and Stoddard, the cub reporters, done? What could they have done with the story of that night?"

The wide, familiar headlines rubbed sticky on his fingers as he rushed on. He laughed senselessly as he read, for he knew that he had expected nothing better. He felt a hand on his arm.

"You!" Sheldon, the "Herald" man, said. He checked the rest, but the tightening fingers betrayed it. Haggarty turned rebelliously, but then glanced down at himself. "I guess," he admitted dully, "I'm not exactly—natural."

The "Herald" man checked himself again and led silently into the direction of "Mack's." He threw Haggarty's paper under the table as they sat down.

"I don't want to know how it happened," he said understandingly. "I don't care, because—" He halted uncertainly, as though it were the only way of checking his incredulity. Then, "Why, we all go against it," he forced on cheerfully. "Every one falls down once, Haggarty. Who's got a better right than you? Of course, it couldn't have happened much worse, but the 'Express' won't lose you, Haggarty. Why, yours is all their specialty feature stuff; they've got to have it and to have you to get it." He sank back, but leaned forward again in an inspiration. "And think of those Dravorter and Osbourne stories you got only this fall! They can't lose you, Haggarty, even for a break like this."

Haggarty straightened and seemed to shake himself back into full consciousness. He drew up decisively.

"That's right," Sheldon said satisfiedly. "I knew you wouldn't lose your nerve long, and you'll go at it stronger than ever for losing it this once. Mack," he called cheerfully, "bring me everything to eat in the house and then double it; serve, 'on me,' for two!"

Haggarty shook his head. "Don't, Jimmy," he said wearily. "I mean, you're very good, but I don't want anything. It isn't my nerve exactly, and perhaps the 'Express' will have to have me, but they—" he started impetuously forward in his old manner, but then sank back again as if it were not worth while—"but I'm done," he ended simply. "Let's not say any more about it. I'm out, that's all. I'm out."

THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

By WALTER CAMP

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OVER a year ago, the writer, through an open letter which most of the newspapers throughout the country were good enough to print, advocated a ten-yard rule—that is, doubling the distance necessary to be gained in three downs—for the purpose of making the game of football more open. This rule failed of adoption, the chief objection made to it by coaches and players being that it was too radical and that it would result in the game degenerating into mere kicking. The rule was advocated by the writer because he felt that radical legislation was imperative, and the season just past has gone far to confirm that conviction. It is safe to say that thousands of those who care for the sport, and have been willing to work unselfishly in its interests, now believe that had such a rule been adopted for the season of 1905, the game would not have been as seriously arraigned before the bar of public opinion as it has been, and

that a very decided step would have been made toward correcting tendencies which even its best sympathizers must have realized were fair marks for criticism. Without going into details as to the effect of this opening of the play, it is sufficient to say that its object would be twofold: one, that of rendering impracticable close-formation, hammering plays unproductive of the desired result; second, to make open plays and kicking more desirable, and thus bring into broad daylight any fouls or unfair tactics. It seems to me that in addition a rule should be added forbidding tackling below the knees and hurdling, or even some other alteration looking toward the lessening of accidents. While football is and must be a game of personal contact, and hence in any shape a game in which some accidents are liable to occur, it is undoubtedly true that with open plays forced by a ten-yard rule and certain minor changes incidental to that, and with strict officials, it may yet be preserved as a popular autumn sport.

SHEVLIN of Yale stood in a class by himself, and there was no end that could match him either in power or in quality. He bore the burdens of the captaincy without letting them affect his own play, was a decided factor in Yale's open offensive play, and few were the teams that cared to attempt his end on the attack or repeat the attempt when once it had been tried. And he was unselfish in his play as well, for upon one or two occasions, notably in the Harvard game, he deliberately weakened his own side of the line in order to protect other weaker points. This endeavor at one time cost a run around his end, but the net result was as he had determined. Shevlin covered kicks admirably, was as sure a tackler as any aggressive end could be, for it is never possible to quite play up to the limits of the position and not upon some occasions overrun a man in the back field. He was a power in boxing a tackle, and finished his football career with a strength that few captains exhibit under the trying conditions of their position.

Glaze of Dartmouth is a fast, consistent end, having all the qualities required for that position, and in addition those of a running half-back, which gave Dartmouth some of the best results of her season's work. He never made mistakes, was one of the most alert ends of the gridiron this season, a good tackler, clever on offensive work, and always reliable. Nor would the Dartmouth team begrudge any amount of credit bestowed upon Glaze, because, in addition to it all, he is a good worker with the team and not simply an individual star.

Catlin of Chicago, the captain of his team, was one of the powerful ends of the season, tall and strong. He also had good speed, and it was his work in throwing Clark back over the goal line for the safety which eventually enabled Chicago to accomplish what for years she has been unable to do, namely, the defeat of the Michigan eleven. Marshall, the colored end of Minnesota, stood out decisively among the ends of the year. He was probably the fastest man in getting down the field and actually reaching the man catching the ball of any of the players on the gridiron, and he seldom overran his man or missed a tackle.

Lamson of Pennsylvania was a powerful man on defence, and almost as good a plunger on attack as Piekarski, the former Pennsylvania guard. It was Lamson's work which settled the Harvard game, as it was he who made the Pennsylvania attack possible against Harvard, at the same time stopping up Har-

vard's attack against Pennsylvania. He was steady and consistent, although, as has been said about others, and not without justice, he sometimes fumbled. Had it not been for this tendency, he would have graded with the most remarkable of the old stars of this position.

Squires of Harvard put up the best game of his career this season, and last year he was a reliable man. He it was who gave Yale more trouble than any other player, and his quick dashes into the line after being dropped back were particularly difficult to stop short of a couple of yards' gain. His defensive work was also good. He was very quick for a big man and kept his feet well.

Forbes of Yale was the best and surest attacking tackle of this year, and it is hard to measure just what his defensive stand should be, for it must be remembered that the teams that attacked the left side of Yale's line also attacked the left side of other lines, being essentially right-handed attackers, and that Forbes played next to the weakest position in the Yale line, namely, left guard, while on the outside of him he had no such powerful end as Shevlin. Hence he was obliged to take care of a good deal more than ought to fall to the lot of any tackle. He is the best man of the tackles at getting down the field, tackling in the open, and general activity.

Curtiss of Michigan, mentioned in these columns last year, is a type of man the East has not seen, but he would be something of a revelation. He is heavier than any

FIRST ELEVEN	SECOND ELEVEN	THIRD ELEVEN
End SHEVLIN, Yale	CATLIN, Chicago	LEVINE, Pennsylvania
Tackle LAMSON, Pennsylvania	FORBES, Yale	EERTKE, Wisconsin
Guard TRIPP, Yale	THOMPSON, Cornell	FLETCHER, Brown
Centre TORREY, Pennsylvania	FLANDERS, Yale	GALE, Chicago
Guard BURR, Harvard	SCHULTE, Michigan	MAXWELL, Swarthmore
Tackle SQUIRES, Harvard	CURTISS, Michigan	BIGELOW, Yale
End GLAZE, Dartmouth	MARSHALL, Minnesota	TOOKER, Princeton
Quarter ECKERSALL, Chicago	HUTCHINSON, Yale	CROWELL, Swarthmore
Half ROOME, Yale	MORSE, Yale	HAMMOND, Michigan
Half HUBBARD, Amherst	SHEBLE, Pennsylvania	FINDLAY, Wisconsin
Full MCCORMICK, Princeton	VON SALTZA, Columbia	BEZDEK, Chicago



Lamson, Pennsylvania—Tackle



Tripp, Yale—Guard



Torrey, Pennsylvania—Centre



Burr, Harvard—Guard



Squires, Harvard—Tackle



Shevlin, Yale—End



Hubbard, Amherst—Half-back



Eckersall, Chicago—Quarter-back

of the standard Eastern tackles, but so quick on his feet that in the Michigan-Chicago game he repeatedly worked through and got near enough to Eckersall, when that young man was punting, to make it seem as though he would block the kick; and if Eckersall had not been remarkably cool and an able punter, the kicks would have been blocked, for in one or two instances he only succeeded in getting the kick in by his pretty side swing. Curtiss is also good on defence. Probably he would have shown more on attack had he stayed in the Chicago game longer. He is a good plunger and works well with a heavy back field.

Bigelow of Yale was one of the most consistent, evenly balanced tackles of the year, and will be heard from.

Bertke of Wisconsin is another Western product, and an exceptionally good one. He would probably be the choice of every critic in the West for the position of tackle on an All-Western team, and he richly deserves it. The style of tackle play in the West differs somewhat from that of the East, in that the Eastern tackle is looked upon to work in a little more definitely with every move of the backs in attack, particularly when the tackle is drawn back, and the Eastern tackle on defence is inclined to play a trifle wider and have a little more freedom on his feet than the Westerner. That is the difference between tackles like Squires and Forbes of the East, and Curtiss and Bertke of the West. Each works into his own style of play the best.

Tripp of Yale was the most capable all-round guard of the season, and was especially strong on the attack. His defence was shown by the fact that whenever a new play was made, although it might gain for a time, Tripp was sure to diagnose it eventually and stop it with certainty and effect. In this quality he was a type of the entire Yale team, for their defence grew stiffer and more effective as the play was repeated. This explains in a measure Yale's ability to keep her goal line intact during the season. Tripp was also a good man to drop back of the line and either carry the ball or make way for the runner.

Burr of Harvard, in spite of the fact of his ability to punt, and Harvard's making use of him for that purpose, was nevertheless a first-class guard as well. He played himself to a standstill in the Pennsylvania game, and had he been in his best shape in the second half of that contest, Harvard might have been better off. In the Yale game he was effective on both his offensive and defensive work, unusually strong in the position where effective work counts so much more than showy play. His punting, like the kicking of DeWitt, the former Princeton guard, is an asset that is by no means to be despised in a player in this position. Furthermore, in the Yale game, in spite of being forced by the speed of the Yale line to get off his kicks several times almost under difficulties, he was steady and sure.

Thompson of Cornell was a good man, although for a time splashing around in a sea of uncertainty. Hence in mid-season no fair measure of his best qualities could be expected. He had all the earmarks of a first-class guard, activity and great strength, and when his team finally straightened out, his playing demonstrated his class.

Schulte is probably the best guard in the West today. Powerful, fairly active, and very safe on defence, his reliability has been tested over and over again, and it has proven wellnigh impossible to gain ground through or over him.

Torrey of the University of Pennsylvania was the best centre of the year, and, flanked by powerful guards, would be a hard man to beat in any company. The detail of his position, which, as every one knows, requires far greater skill than that shown by any other man in the rush line, he was master of. He could get the ball back safely and with regularity, and was never bothered by shifting in the line of the opponents; while, when the opponents had the ball, he was one of the most dangerous men any centre could have facing him. Moreover, on kicks he was always down the field almost with his ends, and was a sure tackler in the open. And above and beyond all this, and perhaps what has given him those abilities, is that he has a good judgment and is thinking about the game from the time the whistle blows to the finish, taking advantage of every opportunity, neglecting no precaution, knowing exactly how many downs he has, where his opponents' weaknesses are, and, in fact, making of himself a sort

of second quarter-back in his knowledge of what is being done and of what ought to be done. He steadies a team well, keeps them up to their work, and Pennsylvania can not too fully realize how much he helped her this season.

Flanders of Yale is a man who has fought his way steadily upon the scrub side through adversity until he is a first-class centre. His build is not ideal for defence, but he makes the most of it, and on offence is ahead of any other centre of the year in his ability to get the play started well and then help if it comes his way.

Eckersall, the star quarter-back of the West, added to his reputation in every respect this year save one. In his big game, upon catching a punt, he started to circle back with it instead of making his first start directly up the field, and this resulted in his showing less of his running ability than usual in that big game. His runs from fake kicks were strong. In one case he undoubtedly saved Chicago by his nerve in this respect, for she had been forced back until he stood with the ball inside his own five-yard line, a third down, and about to kick against the wind. If he attempted a run, and Michigan stopped him, she was perfectly sure to score. If he punted against the wind, the chances were very strong indeed that if the ball went out into the field it would be heeled and Michigan would kick a place-kick goal. If he endeavored to kick it out of bounds on either side, the angle would be such that it would still leave Michigan within scoring distance. It was a hard proposition, but he faced it and did the bold thing by running, after pretending he was going to kick, and he succeeded in getting around Michigan's left end for a gain of over twenty yards.

He had but one opportunity for a drop kick in his big game, and that was a pretty poor chance. He won the Wisconsin game himself by a drop kick, and that was a very important contest for Chicago, a game played in a sea of mud; and in one of his minor games he kicked no less than five drop-kick goals during the game. He is a first-class punter, getting from fifty to sixty yards, and his punt against the wind across Michigan's goal line was the kick that eventually resulted in a safety, defeating Michigan.

As a tackler there is no better man on the gridiron to-day. Furthermore, when playing in the back field on the defence, when a fake kick is attempted and the runner is going out around the end, Eckersall starts so quickly from his position, after he sees that no kick is coming, that even though the runner gets by the end, he meets Eckersall almost at once. In the Michigan game, what apparently looked like a sure thing for Garrells after he circled Chicago's end, turned out to be only a three-yard gain, because Eckersall had come up so rapidly and tackled him so cleanly that he barely got around the end. In fact, it almost seems a pity that with this speed and quality Eckersall could not be used more on the end in defensive work. He is one of the most accurate passers, if not the most accurate, in the country to-day, and Chicago's game requires a number of intricate passes which must be unusually well done.

Hutchinson of Yale was the best quarter-back in the East this year by all odds, and it is particularly creditable to him that he proved himself this. Starting in as the Yale quarter, he had a hard fight with Jones the Freshman for the place, and, judging from Hutchinson's later work, Jones would have had to go at a tremendous pace to cope with the quality that the small man displayed in the Princeton and Harvard games. Not only was Hutchinson's individual work good, but his handling of the team and of plays, and the drive with which he sent his men from the thirty-three-yard line across Harvard's goal line, upon the occasion when the Yale coaches had sent him in with the attacking back field in order to score, all demonstrated a quality that is unsurpassed.

It is very difficult indeed, this season, to pick the back field for the All-America team, owing to the great number of men of quality who are available for those positions.

In the back field, Roome of Yale demonstrated in his important games the strongest play, offensively and defensively, of any of the half-backs of the year; for it must be remembered that, although counted upon as a defensive player of calibre, he was not put in in the first part of the Princeton game, because Yale had expected to be able to do the work of attack with Veeder. It was soon found, however, that Veeder was



Glaz, Dartmouth—End



Roome, Yale—Half-back



McCormick, Princeton—Full-back

not strong enough on the defence to meet the Princeton attack, and Roome was put in. Not only did he do all that was required of him defensively, but he also proved then and there the consistency of his ground-gaining ability, and made more and better gains in his two important contests, Princeton and Harvard, than any other back. In addition to this, in the Princeton game he did the punting as well, and while not relied upon as Yale's first string-kicker, owing to the conditions that prevailed in regard to the quality of his defence, it devolved upon him to do a good deal of punting in both these contests. He made the longest run of the Harvard game, and one which would easily have resulted in a score had Yale had in her fast back field any one ready to take advantage of it. But it was still the first half of the game, and defence was the one quality to be preserved at that time.

Hubbard of Amherst is a fighter every minute, is a captain who has not allowed the duties connected with his team to interfere in any way with his play, is a defensive certainty, and has weight enough to meet any opposition, while having speed enough to strike fast and hard himself.

McCormick of Princeton is a strong, hard runner of ideal build, a good defensive man, a good kicker, and a man who would work in admirably with Roome and Hubbard to make the stiffest kind of a back field for his first eleven. He and Roome could either of them be used to deceive the other side by kicking from formation, while, when a particularly long kick down the wind was required, Burr could be dropped back. When special accuracy or drop-kicking was needed, there would be Eckersall to do the work.

Morse of Yale is one of the fastest back-field men in

the country to-day, and with all his speed is a first-class man on defence. He can aid his runner, gets into the play quickly, strikes like a demon himself, and never stops going.

Sheble of the University of Pennsylvania is a good man, runs cleverly, not quite as strong possibly as Hubbard and Roome, but with plenty of power, and in addition is a first-class punter. He and Morse would work together brilliantly, and with Von Saltza of Columbia as a heavy plunger would make an exceedingly powerful attack.

Von Saltza of Columbia was a young coming man, and had he had the protection that a good organization around him would have furnished, or that the men named on this second eleven could have favored him with, would have done some line plunging second to none shown on the gridiron this year.

THE SIGNS OF THE STARS

THE STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL WHOSE FAITH IN THE ANGELS WAS JUSTIFIED

By OWEN OLIVER

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THE stars were matter in a state of incandescence, uncle said; and auntie said they were suns. Nurse said they were just stars, and little girls shouldn't ask questions. Maisie held that they were God's lamps, and at night the angels went round and lit them; but how they did it puzzled her.

She did not trouble herself very much about the stars when she was only six, because she was engaged upon the solution of the other great mysteries: how flies walked on the ceiling, and why little girls are sent to bed so soon. But when she was seven and heard that dada and mamma and the baby were coming home from India, the question of the stars became all-important. She knew it was the stars which showed big ships the way to go, and she was afraid that the angels might forget to light them one night, and then, of course, the ship would go down, and they would all be drowned. The thought of this worried her dreadfully. She loved dada and mamma very much. She had never seen the little baby, because the fairies brought him after she left India; but she was sure that she would easily learn to love him too. If he was drowned he would become a mer-baby with a tail, or a baby angel with wings. In either case she would not be able to play with him; and she *did* so love a baby.

She asked everybody who ought to know whether the angels ever forgot things; but no one gave her a satisfactory answer. Auntie smiled and said she hoped they did not. Uncle sighed and said he hoped they did. Nurse said: "Bless the child!" and told her not to talk nonsense, and put her to bed. When the gas was turned down the stars peeped in at Maisie's window, so she asked them about it. They twinkled furiously at her as if they meant something, but she could not make out whether they meant "yes" or "no." So she waited till the angels came to light up next evening to ask them.

The angels were evidently there next evening, because star after star lit up, as if there was no end to them; but she could not see the angels. She thought perhaps they were only little baby ones, that you could not see so far off. So she called out softly: "Are you there, angels?" When she had called three times, she heard an answer somewhere in her head. "Look at the stars!" the answer said. "Look at the stars!"

She looked at the stars more carefully than she had ever done before, and then she noticed that they made pictures if you joined the right ones. She remembered that uncle had once shown her how the stars make up Orion the hunter—one star for his head and two for his shoulders, and two a long way apart for his feet, and a row of them for his belt, and one for the tip of the thing that his sword goes in—she did not remember the name for it. She thought that Orion was another name for dada, because he went hunting; and when she found the right stars to join she could see him quite plainly. Also she could see that other stars made mamma; and some more stars made A's and B's, and other letters, if she took the right stars and joined them in her mind.

When she had looked a little longer, she found the archer that A stood for, and the frog that he shot at; and the butcher, who was B, and the bulldog that he kept; and all in a moment she understood what the stars were for. They were just the angels' picture books, printed in dots of light upon the dark page of the sky.

She called nurse to see the pictures; but nurse said: "Bless the child! She must be feverish," and gave her a powder, and some chocolates to eat after it, and put her to bed. She showed the chocolates to the stars when nurse had gone, and wondered if the angel-nurses gave candy to the baby-angels; and whether, when they washed them, they ever let the soap get in their eyes.

The next evening and the next all the stars were

shining before Maisie went to sleep; but the evening after only a few were alight. This worried her so in her dreams that she woke up. It was raining hard and all the stars had disappeared. She ran along the passage to tell uncle and aunt that the rain had put them out, and the ship would not know which way to go. Uncle was just coming up to bed, and he carried her back to her crib and tucked her in, and promised to go and see about it at once. She knew that uncle could always put things right, so she was satisfied and went to sleep.

was not so sure about that. Angels were very happy, so they must be very glad, and not cry. He was not crying, he said, only wiping his spectacles because they were dusty. When he had wiped them he put them on Maisie and showed her how she looked in the glass. She was his best little niece, he told her, and he would be a dada to her now. Then she began crying again, and when she began crying she could not leave off for a long time, till he gave her half a crown to buy a doll, and a penny for candy.

The candy only made her feel a little better, and the doll made her feel worse. It was a baby-doll and reminded her of her little brother, who had turned into an angel. It was nice for him, no doubt, but it was very miserable for her. She had meant to teach him to walk and talk, and do all the things that she knew how to do, because she was seven; and she had been saving her toys to show him. And now he had the stars to play with and wouldn't want toys any more! She sat down on the floor and cried over them, and nurse came in and said: "Bless the child!" Only this time she said it differently, and called her a "little orphan lamb." She put black tie-ups on Maisie, and a black bow round the cat's neck; and auntie gave her a box of bricks; and uncle nursed her after dinner and said funny things that made her laugh, till she forgot what had happened, and said: "Won't baby like to play with you when he comes home?" Then she remembered and burst out crying. Auntie cried with her; and she would have thought that uncle cried too, if he had not explained that it was through laughing too much. Auntie took her up to bed herself, and sat with her while she went to sleep, and leaned over the crib and kissed her five times. It was once for dada, and once for mamma, and once for baby brother, and twice for herself; but Maisie did not know that.

Maisie did not look at the stars for ever so long, because she knew that she could not see the angels. Then she thought perhaps the angels would like to see her, and dada and mamma would tell them who she was. So she stood on a chair and peeped over the window-sill, and waved her hand to pretend that she saw them, though really she only saw the pictures in the stars—dada the hunter, and the stars that made baby on his shoulder, and mamma in the stars that made the pretty lady's face smiling at them—smiling at her!

"I saved all the picture books for him, mummy," she called, "except the kitties that los' their mittens, and couldn't have any pie. An' that got tored. An' when he is bigger will you ask God to let him have a little star to play with, 'cause I'm sorry he hasn't any toys?"

She heard an answer somewhere in her head. "Look at the stars! Look at the stars!" She looked at them harder than ever and saw more pictures. The "Fair Little Girl" that sat under the tree, the "Good Little Boy" that gave his cake to the beggar, "Fairy Do-Good" and "Fairy Be-Good"—they were all there. She saw them so plainly that she knew the baby was showing her his book. So she fetched her

books and opened them at the nicest pictures, and laid them out on the window-sill in case some kind, big angels should carry baby near enough to look at them and make funny little noises and laugh and clasp his hands as babies do. She told nurse about it next morning, and nurse said: "Bless the child!" and took the books in from the window-sill and said that they were spoiled by the dew; but she did not call Maisie naughty, because even nurses know that to please your little baby brother is not naughty, but good.

The next day uncle gave her some new picture books that were mounted on linen and not so easy to spoil. She put them out every night, and the stars that made dada and mamma, and the pale little baby-stars, twinkled



She fetched her books and laid them out on the window-sill

When she woke, she found that uncle had stopped the rain as he promised; but the ship must have gone the wrong way while the stars were out. For when she ran in to breakfast, auntie had her face in her handkerchief, and uncle kept looking out of the window; and they said that the ship had sunk, and she would never see dada and mamma and baby any more!

Maisie felt funny at first, as if she had turned pale all over, and could not cry, though she wanted to. She asked whether they had turned into mer-people or angels; and auntie cried out loud and ran from the room; uncle took Maisie on his knee and told her that they had become angels; and she would be an angel too some day. He hoped that he would, he said; but he

intimidating prospective victims into subscribing for "America's Smart Set." Colonel Mann denied that his columns had ever been used for the furthering of other commercial enterprises.

In connection with this assertion the following letters were introduced in evidence at the second hearing. They were written to M. E. Wooster, the originator and principal solicitor for the \$1,500 work known as "Fads and Fancies," which purports to be an *edition-de-luxe* personal history of representative persons of great wealth and social eminence in America:

"MR. WOOSTER—I believe you can get J. Edward Addicks if you will go right after him at 255 Fifth Avenue. You can probably make an appointment over the phone and say to him that after his visit yesterday to me it occurred to me that the matter had not been properly placed before him, as I had supposed a couple of years ago, and that I feel he should be in the book. He saw some sheets at my house yesterday, and he certainly ought to be represented in the work. If you put it right before him you will get him, as he is a very rich man and has great prospects and great ambitions.

"Mr. Townsend, that I wanted to enlist in our other enterprise, is going to Europe in a few days and is out of the question. In the meantime I will consider some one else and will work out in my mind the details of the scheme. Until that is done I want you to peg away very earnestly, very persistently, to get a few more in 'Fads and Fancies.' I am very willing that the weekly draw shall go on if you will see and insist upon seeing the different names as they come up and as they have been given. As I told you, Niedringhaus is in town now. Almost every day you will see by the papers that some one comes. You must see Senator Keene and finish that contract. He treated you nicely, and I believe if you went at him now, and with the idea that the book is going to close very soon, you would get him.

"Did you ever try Arbuckle, the sugar man?

"You must go over and pin Governor Murphy.

"If you were to go down to the West End, Long Branch, and stop there a day or two, so as to have time, and catch John A. McCall, you can interest him so his vanity will lead him to have that half-million-dollar house handed down to posterity, and he certainly would go into the book when he finds such men as Woodward, Whitney, Morton, Astor, Vanderbilt, Aldrich, Dryden, etc., appear.

"There is plenty of work to do, and you need not be discouraged, and while I am entirely in accord with the new idea, you know I never jump into anything when I am half ready. I will join with you and work that up in great shape; that is, if you vigorously finish up the other job. We treated Maloney so nicely in the paper, and I am sure if you catch him he will not attempt to get out of it.

"Find out when that Maloney wedding is to come off and suggest to the editorial department that they have a bully report of it, sending some one from the office or some one down, perhaps, to Spring Lake for it."

Also on "Town Topics" stationery, and under the sub-letterhead "Bureau of Fads and Fancies of the 400," was the following letter, written by Joseph M. Deuel, who still retains his seat as a justice of the Court of Special Sessions. Justice Deuel, who acted as an unofficial legal adviser and occasional editor of "Town Topics," has also brought suit against COLLIER'S:

"DEAR MR. WOOSTER—Your letter of the 19th, with inclosure of the contract of Senator Dryden, has been received. It is a more agreeable visitor than the weather, for we are having a cold, disagreeable day following quite a fall of snow. You are getting out of it, as you are whirling toward the South. I hope you will have not only pleasant weather but pleasant people to see and to meet, and that all of them will be like David Crockett's coon—all you need to do is to point your gun, and every high-toned, desirable citizen at Palm Beach may tumble instantly into your basket.

"I have instructed Miss Oehner to forward a check to Mr. Irving for his commission in the Dryden matter; he will need it down there. I think you will see the Colonel before he leaves. I have just sent him a despatch as to the weather's condition here and advised him to stay over, if possible.

"Let me hear from you as your work progresses, and with best wishes for the success of both of you, I am, yours very truly,

"JOSEPH M. DEUEL.

"NEW YORK, February 24, 1904."

"May 13, 1904."

"MR. WOOSTER—I do not pretend to know the situation in reference to any of the following names, but whether they have had it presented to them or not, I believe a number can be secured, and if you hit them in the right way now, because the book is so near completion, and so many distinguished men in it, you might get a few of them. Here is the list:

"J. W. Girard, R. T. Wilson, William F. Havemeyer, J. R. Roosevelt, Colgate Hoyt, Henry L. Barby, John Crosby Brown, Edwin Gould, Dr. William Tillinghast Bull, W. S. Gurnee.

"By the way, I stopped in the midst of the list to tell you that Niedringhaus of St. Louis was at the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday. He is the great tinplate manufacturer. Very rich and a very able man. Go after him.

"Bernard Baker of Baltimore—if you do not mention Dr. Emerson to him, and if you do show such men as Griscom, Morgan, J. W. Woodward, Pembroke Jones, etc., I think you can get him, notwithstanding that he declined it.

"General Fitzgerald is a very pompous and vain man and very rich, and I think if approached in the right way can be captured. Norden of Providence. It is possible that Fordham Morris—of course, there is no family more distinguished—might afford it. I am sorry you could not get Brayton Ives. He is a great lover of books, and he is really a fine man. Charles H. Marshall is a distinguished citizen. Did you get to see Major J. J. Higginson, whose house is near the office? John D. Archbold, Standard Oil man, ought to be gotten. You said we had D. G. Reed, but I can find no evidence to that effect. See if any sketch has been written of him.

"Thomas Dorlon of Philadelphia ought to come in. Cassatt sure. Did you get Amzi L. Barber? He has been trying to creep out. If you secured him I think a letter from you saying you must insist upon his contract being kept would possibly bring things around all right. You did not go to Boston, but Thayer, Henry H. Higginson, and Bigelow ought to be good victims. Spencer Trask of this city is rich and vain. Emerson MacMillan is a wonderfully fine man and very rich. You must pounce on William S. [N. P.] Cromwell the minute he returns from Paris.

"If you can discover any way on earth to get two minutes with Frederick C. Bourne, who I think is now Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, you could capture him. There is no end to his money, and he is a man of the highest character. I shall keep thinking of further names and so must you.

"P. S.—The above is a memorandum from the Colonel dictated at his house.

M. HARTMAN."

From the New York "Evening Post," December 4

"As we learn more from the failures of a great man than from the successes of a little one, so the letter of Colonel Mann's which was put in evidence on Saturday is rich in reproof and instruction. In fact, we have not met with a more illuminating philosophy of great wealth. The Colonel, our readers know, is prosecuting COLLIER'S WEEKLY for criminal libel, that periodical having charged him with blackmailing, in 'Town Topics,' various rich and vulnerable notabilities. By way of justification, the WEEKLY's counsel produced a letter from Colonel Mann to the gentleman in charge of 'Fads and Fancies,' instructing him minutely how to approach a succession of millionaire 'victims,' who were to be wheedled, flattered, bamboozled, or frightened into paying \$1,500 or so for inclusion in that delectable publication.

"The list of names was long and laughable; many of our richest and proudest had the pleasure of seeing themselves reckoned in with this Blackmailable Four Hundred. For it is the underlying idea of the precious letter that great riches necessarily mean great gullibility. Colonel Mann and his allies seem to have acted upon that presumption with the utmost confidence. As practiced miners in the under-world of millionairessdom, they had not the slightest doubt that, wherever they could manage to sink a shaft, they would strike pay dirt—dirt, in this conception, making pay certain. Their philosophy of action was apparently something like this: 'Very rich, therefore easily fooled. A financial magnate, hence vain and silly. Having great possessions, consequently a prey to toadies, sponges, and blackmailers. Riches oblige—which means that it obliges the rich man to surrender to every impudent cozenage that comes along.'

"To what financial results Colonel Mann might be able to point as a practical demonstration of his theory, we naturally do not know. He wrote of a gratifying 'contract'

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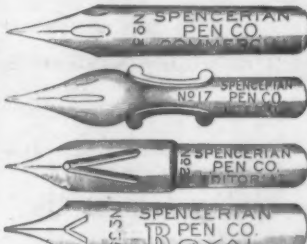
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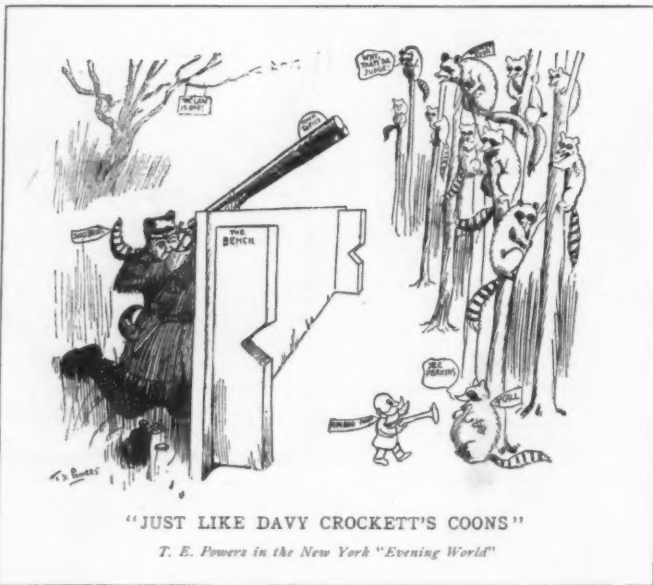
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with Senator Dryden, which shows that he knew how to play upon opulent vanity in at least that case. Others, we read, were trying to "creep out" of their agreements to join the collection of sensitive plants in 'Fads and Fancies'; no mercy was to be shown them, and we hope none was. But the significant thing is the assurance with which the Colonel passed in review name after name of the most expensive, and calmly assumed that they were all 'easy marks.' There were our hardest-headed men of business, our keenest speculators, our grimmest promoters, our coolest brokers, our most matter-of-fact railroad and insurance men—all classed as ready dupes of a transparent bunco game.

"How can such things be? Does the shrewdness which goes to the amassing of money inevitably become folly in its spending? Why could Colonel Mann count so safely upon finding so large a proportion of gulls among the men of great wealth? . . . Many of them, obviously, are new to gilded society, and at a loss how to bear themselves therein. Hence the chance of the sharper who offers himself as their mentor. They feel that their wealth compels them to a certain ostentation, and, knowing little of rational methods of expenditure, not being collectors of books or paintings, which only bore them, they fall easily into the hands of a guide to showy publicity. . . . They think that they must be important, having so much money; and interesting, with so many to fawn upon them; and so they readily give ear to an insinuating tongue



which suggests a way of informing the public that they are important and interesting. Hence the whole vast array of books about 'Successful Men,' etc., of which 'Fads and Fancies' was only the daring climax. What the schemers have to play upon is a sort of huge delusion in this class of wealthy people—mammoniacal possession, it might be called. It makes its victims subject to all kinds of strange attack and seizure, enormously inflaming their vanity, exaggerating their native silliness, and blinding them to the snares openly spread at their feet.

"We know of no Society for Improving the Condition of the Helplessly Rich. Satisfiers have proposed such a thing, but satire has never been able to bring to earth very much rich folly as it flies. It has been said that no number of stripes laid soundly upon a donkey's back will turn him into a zebra. Concrete exposure of our martyrs to Mammon, a sudden consciousness on their part that every man of sense is laughing at them, will do them more good than all the preachers and satirists, and Colonel Mann's letter will be for many of them like a nail fastened in a sure place."

From the New York "Evening Telegram"

"When on a hunt for 'vain men' and persons who, like David Crockett's coon, will 'come down,' it is wise to avoid level-headed citizens who wear heavy boots. Selah."

"Fancies for Faddists," from the New York "Globe"

THOUGH here and there a millionaire The Simple Life indulges, Too oft the gay and rosy way A Double Life divulges, "La Vie Intense" involves expense For numerous romances, For jewels and rings and other things, Including "Fads and Fancies."

The millionaire who doesn't care For Byron or for Shelley, Who wouldn't swap a lemon drop For Shakespeare or Corelli, Will gladly de-orate a check Which freely he advances To buy the lit-erary hit Entitled "Fads and Fancies."

The quarrel began (as man to Mann) Through COLLIER's verbal tropics. Now Deuel explains judicial gains From certain legal Topics, As how a judge may not begrudge Dame Fortune's willing glances, And what the Court regards as sport, And what as "Fads and Fancies."

And who am I that should decry A book so highly rated, Whose pages be from scandal free, Completely expurgated? Ye men who write, no more indite Mere novels or romances— For wealth may be more easily Amassed through "Fads and Fancies."

From "Trotwood's Monthly," Nashville, Tenn.

"The publisher of a disreputable sheet in New York, which makes its living by holding up society and dishing out scandal about men and women, has sued that splendid and fearless paper, COLLIER'S WEEKLY, for libel. The occasion of the exposure by COLLIER'S was a venomous attack upon the President's daughter. COLLIER'S, with its characteristic ability, laid the sheet open with its knife, showing how it held up people for huge money and lived in the gutters of things bad. For all of which it was sued for \$100,000 by the aforesaid sheet."

"Many sheets of the kind mentioned have tried to build their foul nest in the South, forgetting that here the pocketbook is not the god it is where people live only for money. Its end is invariably the same, and the curtain drops to the rapid fire of pistol shots, and the rest is silence."

"This has come from the old South, which taught that money was not all of life, that a man's word was his bond and a woman's good character her crown. And words being bonds, men were careful of them, for the man who has to redeem his words with his pistol instead of his pocketbook is more careful how he uses them. We wish COLLIER'S a speedy vindication."

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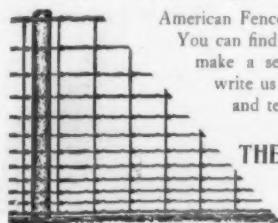
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